



The  
Different  
World  
Magic Is Too  
Behind!

(異世界魔法は遅れ  
てる!)

Volume 03[WN]  
(incomplete)

# Gamei Hitsuji

## (鼻から牛肉 / 樋辻臥命)

### Story Description:

Felmenia Stingray was a genius magician. She quickly became the most distinguished magician of the Astel Kingdom after her discovery of white fire magic, which had the power to burn anything.

However, the world is in peril due to the Demon King. The kingdom's court magicians perform a summoning ritual for heroes and bring forth a hero and two youths, a boy and a girl. Unlike the girl, the young man refused to fight the

Demon King alongside the Hero and demanded to be sent back to his world. The kingdom, angry with his behavior, locked him away.

Now Felmenia stands before the young man with her strongest magic, the white flame, being completely useless and asks who he is. It was already obvious to her that this man was far stronger than she was. To this he simply responds.

“Yakagi Suimei, a magician.”

Original Story can be found here:

[Link](#)

# Webnovel LN Illustrations





異世界魔法は遅れてる! ③

樋辻臥命

オーバーラップ文庫 670



ISBN978-4-86554-013-0  
C0193 ¥690E



定価：本体690円(税別)  
**OVERLAP**



### 異世界魔法は遅れてる! ③

魔将・ラジヤスをレフィールと共に倒した八羅水明は、彼女を仲間に加えてネルフェリア帝国へ。無事に到着した二人はそれぞれの目的のために行動を開始するが、帝国内では表面平静の裏で騒動が起っていた。そんな中、水明は帝国十二魔将の魔法使いであるリリアナ・ザンダイクと出会い、さらにフェルメニア・ステイングレイとも再会を果たす。

知らずとも事件を解決するはめになった水明は、八魔将の中でも異質とされる期間性の魔法と対峙することになり――。

異世界魔法と現代魔術が交錯する異世界ファンタジー、闇が動く第3巻!





樋辻臥命

Illustration | himesuz

異世界魔法は遅れてる! 3





# 目次 contents

異世界魔法は遅れてる！

## 3

エピローグ

..... 340

第四章

魔術対闇魔法 ..... 276

第三章

二人目の勇者、エリオット ..... 209

第二章

女神さまは彼女にすごく厳しいです ..... 111

第一章

都市入りと、少女 ..... 9

プロローグ

..... 3

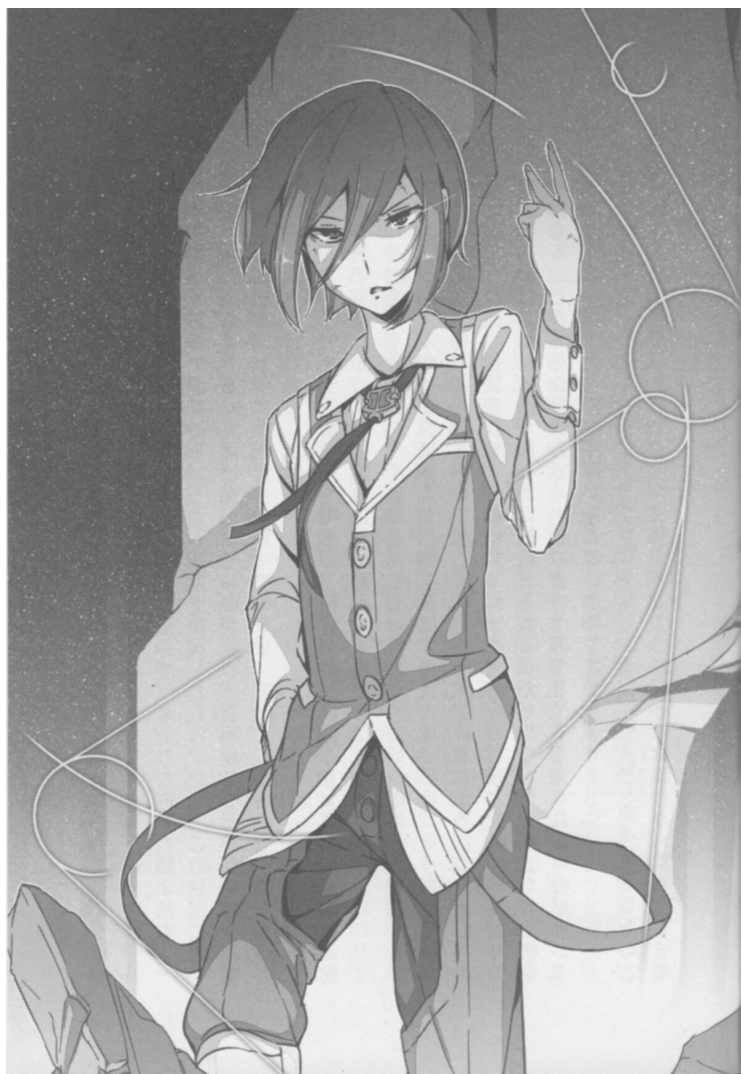














# Webnovel 35: A Small Wake

Ten days have passed since the battle with Demon Chief, Rajas. Since then, Suimei and Lefilla have crossed the border from Astel into the Nelfila Empire and are reaching the capital, Filas Filas. Suimei looks up from the stone paved highway they walk upon to glance at the city.

Not comparing the sight to Astel was impossible. The city gate is huge. It has three towers that pierce the sky. The continuous, tall metal, walls are nothing like Klant's. If anything, these fortification were a prime example of the Nelfila Empire's might. As for the city, it

was almost double that of Astel's capital city. Outside the wall were many cheap hotels and markets. (I'm not sure how Klant fit into that description.)

According to Sun Tzu, maintaining the quaka between the three kingdoms is of utmost importance. Likewise, the highways stretching to the east, west, and south were heavily trafficked, but also well maintained. A very clear flow of trade existed in this country.

(quaka: The text said to read it as kuchi, but that didn't actually help in translating. From what I can understand, it means maintaining roadways or just road control. I could have translated it, but this has a nicer touch.)

Suimei originally meant to go to Klant, but now intends to find temporary lodgings here. The reason for his detour walks next to him, Lefilla Graphis. The power she unleashed against Rajas back in Astel depleted her spirit energy which resulted in her shrinking down to the size of an elementary school girl. Without her strength, she can no longer wield her five foot long sword much less travel the Nelfila Empire alone. Therefore, he'll go to Klant as soon as he crosses the boarder with Lefilla.

There's also the problem with Lefilla's curse. It acted up multiple times along our journey. He was able to suppress it each time, but wasn't able to get rid of it.

“ ..... ”

I get restless and my face gets hot each time I remember. No, I'm not doing anything wrong, but I still feel like I'm doing something bad. I would definitely be labeled as a lolicon if someone were to see us. Even revealing that Lefilla's actually the same age as me would be pointless.

Yet, even considering all that, I cannot abandon things as they are. Such a choice is impossible for me. I cannot allow Lefilla who lost her ability to fight travel alone. Her curse is already an invitation for disaster. Right now, I'm the only person who can suppress it. I'm not leaving until her body returns to normal and we either dispel her

curse or find a way to get it under control. Wouldn't it be better to take out the demon responsible for the curse?

The idea gradually takes form as he stares at Lefilla.

It's a female demon different from Rajas, one possessing mastery over sleep magic. In the other world, such magic belonged to succubi. According to European folklore, succubi engaged with men during their sleep. Upon running them dry, they would snatch their souls away. They could only exist thanks to mankind's insatiable lust. Would they still be classified as demons in this world?

Undoing the curse requires the

establishment of an intermediary through sleep so the problem can be passed off. This would require for the intermediary to always be at hand, but it is the most reliable method. However, if creating the required intermediary is beyond my power, then the only option is severing the curse from its source. (I'm 70% sure on this one. This translation is the one that makes most sense.)

Yes, I am willing to go that far. I'll cooperate with her even if it means postponing my journey home.

“What’s wrong, Suimei-kun?”

“Huh? Oh, nothing....”

“Fufu, are you fascinated by my



current form?” Lefilla gives a light smile as she twirls on the spot. The ornaments decorating her high quality children’s clothes flutter with her. Her face is one of pure bliss. Since she always takes care to behave like a proper lady, this playful side of hers is a rare sight.

As for her question... How do say this... “Yeah, I somewhat like it.”

“Wait, really? Oh...”

Suimei’s grin causes makes Lefilla’s face turn crimson. She lowers her head out of embarrassment. She’s like a child trying to be strong after having her secret exposed. In her case, it’s being an adult who likes wearing children’s clothes. Looks like she can’t hide her shame.

At the moment, I'm wearing a knight costume.

We just wanted some cheap and simple outfits for our journey to Nelfila. But the clerk, up until we paid, wouldn't leave Lefilla alone. Up until the end, Lefilla cried, "Stop treating me like a child," "I'm a respectable adult," and "We-well... it is cute." With the two clasping their hands in agreement, I ended up purchasing the extra outfit as well. Her wearing this very lovely outfit is the result.

Lefilla asks without shifting her line of sight, "...Does it suit me?"

"Yeah, like the clerk said, you're pretty cute,"

“C-cute? Those sort of words... They won’t make me happy.”

Her gait got a lot lighter despite what she said. Deep down, she is happy to have been called cute. If a man received such a compliment from an attractive girl, he’d be soaring through the clouds. Everyone enjoys receiving compliments, after all.

Watching her like this warms my heart. Although, I’m not sure if it’s because she got smaller. Is this how Lefilla’s normally speaks?

Suimei readjusts the longsword on his back as he gazes at Lefilla. Right now, she’s humming as she walks. She has been displaying a lot more emotion since shrinking. That’s not

to say she had less emotions before. Her current playfulness is just a sharp contrast to the seriousness she displayed before. Could her soul have been affected by her body shrinking? There's no way to confirm it.

Another way to look at this situation would be saying that she's completely like a child her age. The thought makes me want to stretch my arms towards the sky. Yeah, it's a good feeling.

While Suimei is lost in his thoughts, Lefilla stops walking. The severe expression on her young face as she turns to face him is just like one from her older self.

“Hey, Suimei-kun, about my body

getting smaller...”

“That’s right, I forgot to mention it before.”

“I also forgot about a few things.”

“Yeah.”

The seriousness of her tone and facial expression are so different from before, that Suimei remembers the various things he forgot to mention due to the chaotic circumstances leading up to where they are now. Why did Lefilla become small? It’s something he’s been speculating since they came down the mountain. Suimei rubs his jaw and a crease forms between his eyebrows as he summarizes the situation.

“Now... where to start? Okay, in my world, there’s a school of thought called Idea Theory. It states that everything humans can see is actually a reflection of the world’s true essence. Every essence is called an Idea. The things we perceive are just imitations or illusions.” (The actual translation is “In my world.” Does anyone know when he revealed that he’s from a different world to her? Maybe it’s one of the disconnects from the various translations shifting between WN and LN. Or was it skipped?)

“Idea Theory?”

“That’s right.”

“Umm, huh... That includes everything I see...”



At my nod, Lefilla contemplates my explanation. Looks like such concepts are still beyond this world. “For example, the me that you currently perceive is an 8- key idea known as Suimei. When the 8-key idea that creates me passes through your eyes, this is what you see. The Idea passes information through all of your sensory organs so you can perceive me.”

“The true essence are called Idea? That means, everything we perceive... the true essence differs from what we see?”

“Roughly speaking.”

“Well, if the Idea influences our perceptions, then shouldn't everything look the same?”

“Ideas possess potential features which differentiates them to observers. As a result, you and I don’t look alike. The same applies to the trees, rocks, and buildings surrounding us.”

“...I understand your explanation when applied to nature. Everything that’s born has a soul. But, how does it apply to objects crafted by people? People can shape objects and assign them roles, but they can’t make Ideas.”

“Certainly, people don’t consciously create Ideas when they craft things. However, the thoughts they have such as, “Let’s do this,” influences the final product. Those distortions breathe something like a soul into the object. You could even say that

they're fabricating an Idea. Well, that's just the object's physical state. In short, people create Ideas by manipulating an object's shape.

"The objects people make only have that appearance because of the Idea they strive for?"

"That's correct."

Lefilla receives a nod to her question. Looks like she's starting to grasp the concept. She makes a grim face and says, "But, Suimeikun, if we interpret everything as Idea Theory, then doesn't it all becomes tasteless? It becomes the same as selfishly characterizing people as individual statistics on paper!" (I am only 70% sure on this paragraph.)

Writing it down on paper? That's a strange metaphor to make. Still, her shock to hearing this theory for the first time is pretty reasonable. So—  
“That's right. Everything in this world is covered by a thin veil. Our senses of sight, hearing, taste, smell, and touch are our misrecognition of Ideas. Everything we see around us is actually fake.”

“Phony...”

She can't bring herself to accept this. People accept the reality they see with their own eyes as real. My words even put me down. I feel like I'm denying my own existence. “You can just take my explanation as a metaphor. You don't need to think too deeply over them.”

“Don’t be stupid, Suimei-kun. How does that theory apply to me? I can’t accept my situation with a metaphor.”

“Well, if you insist. But, it’s a conversation about natural philosophy. You really don’t have to think about it too hard. Anyway, what’s the problem?”

“Well, I get the general concept, but what does that have to do with me getting smaller?”

Suimei closes and opens his eyes at Lefilla’s question. After all, “Everything up until now was simple. We could say the world exists as was written on paper. The powerful Lefilla is both a spirit and a human girl. In the average human

body, both the flesh and soul cooperate with each other. If either one were to be damaged, the result would be death. Your body, however, is mostly a spiritual existence. Spirit is an element different from the flesh and soul. If something were to happen to the spirit, then both the flesh and soul will also be affected. Naturally, weakening of the Idea is bad. Doing so thins the existence.”

“I look like this because the Idea that generates the image of me that you and everyone else sees changed to match the condition of my faded existence? Using up my spirit power didn’t affect my body or soul, but it still resulted in this abnormality?”

“Correct, I believe that’s why you currently possess that form.”

Lefilla’s body is the result of her spirit being incomplete. The image presented results from the change of data possessed by the Idea. The damage Lefilla received doesn’t show on her body as an injury, fatigue, or a bad complex. Instead, we compensate for the missing information by recognizing her as a little girl.

Lefilla gives a small sigh upon hearing my confirmation. Words lamenting her birth flow out, “...It feels like I’m being told I’m not human, again.”

“That’s a trivial concern. Personally, to become a magician, I quit being a

human being. What matters is that you have a heart.”

“...Yeah, you’re probably right.”

Are her feelings settling? Then, Lefilla, in a manner that doesn’t suit her small body, crosses her arms to ask a question. “Your world is unbelievable. I was shocked to hear you were summoned from a parallel world.” (When did this conversation happen? Does anyone know?)

“That’s my number one worst story of the year.”

Lefilla presents a strained smile to Suimei’s disheartened expression. “He wields that much power, yet claims to lack the courage



necessary to save the world. Truly, an ironic story.”

“It isn’t such an amazing thing.”

“You think so?”

“All I did was kill a large number of small fry. Well, I could take pride in that as a magician, but that’s it.”

“.....How idealistic. But you might be right.”

Suimei pictures the man who embodies those ideals. Him—because he’s always been staring at his father’s back, his standard might be higher than the average person’s. It’s why he still has such strong aspirations to be like his father.

Lefilla guesses his thoughts. “Can your respected father do the same?”

“Yeah? My dad could probably take that many out no problem.”

“Rajas too?”

Suimei ponders the question for a moment. How would his father fair? Of course, the premise shouldn't be on whether victory can be achieved, but that victory is achievable. Rajas had a vigorous and sturdy body, but not even that would be enough to make his father's eyebrow twitch. Therefore, “He'd blow him away with a single punch!”

“Seriously!? With one punch!?”

“Yeah.”

Suimei nods at Lefilla's amazement. Even though his father was a magician, he was forced to use a wheelchair due to a battle he had long ago. With bad legs and a weak body, no one would ever have been able to compare him to Rajas. Regardless, he did once create a fighting style that combined magic with acrobatics. But, unless there's some annoying reason to stall, the proper attitude is to attack head on. But his father, he had a terrifying combat ability. The few seconds it took him to rise from his wheelchair was enough to knock out his opponents. His attack was like an earthquake. Its name was The Central Punch that Returns Everything to Dust.

-Hm, my fist comes nowhere close

to his.

“...If he could do it, then I think I can do it, too. What a funny thing to say.”

Because my father achieved it. He would analyze the mazoku and develop an attack by utilizing modern magic. Honestly, getting to where I am now took time and I didn't do it by borrowing scarps. Still, my father was stronger. Even without his legs, his imagination was able to keep moving forward. (This one really had me confused. Boro was written in katakana. I'm assuming it meant “borrow” which is why I translated this the way I did.)

“...How easy would that demon

chief have been?”

“You really don’t want to. Seriously, what did you gain your strength for? Well, I can’t ask you to do more...”

My reason no longer exists. My father died. It happen right in front of me on that day. I inherited his will and continued walking.

“Somehow, I feel that your world is very different from this one.”

“That can’t be helped. The other side achieved a different level of culture. The progress of technology affects human strength. Lefilla is the exception.”

“You being sarcastic?”

“I’m saying that you overpowered Rajas at the end with a single strike of your sword was an exception. Your power makes you the natural enemy of magicians.”

Indeed, a murmur deep down comes up deep down from the back of my heart. Lefilla’s spirit is outside even this world’s standards. With that thought, Suimei looks up to the blue sky, “One day, I’ll also be a magician like that.”

T/N: Okay, my first translation of this series. Hope you all enjoy it. I’ll keep doing this while I can. If anyone wants to take over, just let me know.

-Gandire

1/13/17

# Webnovel 36:

## Turbulence in Front of the City

### Turbulence in Front of the City

Two people reach the gate of Filas Filas, the imperial capital. They watching the diverse number of people ahead of them enter and leave the city as they approach. Visitors are inspected by the guards at the end of a queue.

The bright rays from the rising morning sun stab Suimei's eyes. He squints at the city's gate and walls before asking Lefille, "Now that we're here, what kind of place is the



Nelfila Empire?”

Lefille’s expression blanks as she’s left lost for words, “You’re asking that now? We’ve been in the empire’s territory for a while. Shouldn’t you have already gotten a grasp of the feel?”

“As far as I can tell, everything feels the same. The only difference between here and Aster is the diversity of people and number of things.” Suimei shrugs like a Westerner. Although Lefille can gleam shifts in cultural by examining the decorations from the cheap hotels within villages, Suimei, a modern Japanese person, has difficulty in picking up such clues. Furthermore, he comes from a different world. Everything in this

world is new and different to him. Even the design of his clothes is unusual.

“Didn’t you visit Aster’s library?”

“I’ve studied the subject, I just want to hear Lefille’s impression.”

“My impression of the Empire.....?”

Suimei’s remark leaves Lefille in thought. He wants the opinion of an inhabitant from this world. The thoughts of such a person would be invaluable.

She grasps his intent before long and nods. “I see, well, if I had to describe the Nelfila Empire with a single phrase, it would be military might.”

Of course, Suimei reacts with a bitter smile. “The books also alluded as such.”

“Makes sense. Nelfila is well renowned for its wealth. No other nation comes close to its military might.”

“Except, the Empire doesn’t give off that sort of feeling. How come?” Suimei reveals a question he’s been wondering for a while. The term empire refers to both a country composed of various ethnic groups and a nation dominated by power. Such nations pressure their neighboring countries to enter alliances with them despite differing governmental structure. Naturally, a nation composed of multiple ethnic groups can be

called an empire, but that doesn't make it one. For Suimei, a Japanese citizen, the term empire evokes a strong image of Imperial Japan from the early modern period.

“Oh, that can't be helped. The Nelfila Empire was a nation that used its military might to annex its surrounding countries, but then lost the majority of its national strength during a war several hundred years ago. This place has calmed down since then.”

“It is pretty relaxed.... But, did its ambitions really die out during those hundreds of years?” A suspicious thought pops out of Suimei's mouth. That war was centuries ago. A grace period of only a few decades is all the Nelfila

Empire would have needed to restore its military power. Its ambitions could have been restarted ages ago. Why weren't they?

Lefille shakes her head at the question. "Three nations preserved their alliance even after the war ended. The military might they built due to that sense of crisis made them equals with Nelfila." (I can't tell if there were only three nations that created an alliance against Nelfila, or those three are the only ones that maintained the alliance after the war ended. I'm only mentioning this because I feel this might become a plot point later.)

"The situation became one where war would have difficulty in

breaking out.”

“Exactly, but the biggest reason is because the hero summoning ceremony would attract too much attention.”

Suimei’s expression clouds at Lefille’s unexpected words. “Hero summoning? Why would the hero participate in a war against fellow humans?”

“It was during that war that the term hero was first invoked.” (A second interpretation is, “Hero’s are said to have been summoned during that war.”)

“What.....?” Lefille’s words perplex Suimei. A hero is only summoned when the world is in grave danger.

The heads of both the state and magician's guild of each nation along with the church's highest institution need to come to an agreement before a hero's summoning can be initiated. Why can one be summoned for a way between people?

Suimei glances to the side during the middle of Lefille's explanation. "This is information that's passed down through word of mouth. Back then, a monarchy near the Autonomous Alliance, the previous name of the current Sardius Alliance, became a dictatorship, declared war on its neighbors, and slaughtered countless civilians- Hey, massacring civilians is an atrocity! What's with your attitude?"

“Well, my information is incomplete, but what you’re saying is pretty obvious. It committed a lot of atrocities with its strength. With the ruler taking hold of the entire world, everyone being on edge would only be natural.” (I’m only 70% sure about this one)

“Ah.....”

Suimei comes to a buried memory while interrupting Lefille’s story. One regarding something he heard from the Aster Kingdom’s Chancellor Gress and the guild clerk Dorothea. A tyrant took control of the entire world several hundred years ago and in response, three heroes were summoned from another world. The heroes smashed the tyrant’s ambitions. More



important than that, “That’s why heroes were summoned! It’s the precedent set by that war!”

“Yep, you got it. That war proved that heroes could be used to oppose invaders. The Nelfila Empire’s tyrant from back then publicly massacred people as it annexed more territory. Those actions were enough to sway the opinions of the neighboring nations-”

“Into summoning heroes. They should remember that we’re not invulnerable.” (Not sure how that last part fits in to the story)

“You’re right. It’s said that Nelfila’s emperor back then trembled upon witnessing the power possessed by the heroes. Afterwards, he warned

that anyone who makes enemies of the heroes won't find anywhere to hide from them in the world.

"I see." If that's what happened, then it can't be helped. If an emperor with more military power and influence than any other country says that, then of course the power of heroes will be revered.

More than that, earning the heroes wrath is tantamount to falling from grace. Loss of moral standing might be seen as irrelevant, but if a nation wages war on another without it, then said nation will receive political backlash from the international community. That's what happened to Imperial Japan. A net was enclosed around the country which cut off the import of

supplies. If summoning heroes is seen from such a perspective, then they become an exceptional form of deterrence. “Even so, the hero summoning ceremony has a lot behind it.”

“That’s right. They have the strength to defeat the demon lord and all the mazoku. It’s said that they could even rival a nation’s military. Why wouldn’t they be used as political leverage?”

“None.”

“As a result, small skirmishes exist between nations, but those large scale wars have remained in the past.”

“Just like that?”

“Well, an outburst did happen between Aster and Shaldok two years ago, but Princess Titania of Aster Kingdom was able to settle it.”

Suimei’s eyes budge upon hearing it was thanks to Titania’s efforts.

“Tia?”

“Tia? Oh, you’re asking about Princess Titania? Yeah, I heard she was quite active back then.”

“Haa, is that what that princess is like?” Suimei sighs out in admiration. What a shock. Princess Titania had a vigorous life style despite presenting herself as a tidy person when walking next to Reiji. He can’t even imagine her stepping out onto a battlefield. She did appear to be as competent a mage

as Felmenia, but could she have been keeping her true abilities secret? –He can't be certain. Despite what was just said, there are various ways to contribute in war. However, If Tia wasn't someone who can fight, wouldn't everyone have tried to stop her from departing?

Suimei remembers something from before leaving the castle. When Reiji's party left, the king, first prince, and the nobles either spoke words of gratitude to her or were reluctant to see her leave. He doesn't recall anyone trying to restrain her because of the danger. Then, does that mean he doesn't have to worry about them? Can he trust in the princess's strength?

While in the middle of those

thoughts, “Next in line!” Suimei and Lefille end their conversation and enter the guard room.

Several soldiers urge them inside a small room. Inside is a young civil servant responsible for filling official documents and collecting taxes. He says, “Are you entering the city?”

“Yes.”

“Yeah.”

The clerk watches them both nod before presenting them some documents of identification. Suimei is already used to it. He filled one out upon leaving Metal and another entering Klant. “Very well, write your full name here and show me

some I.D. if you have... Oops,  
excuse my rudeness...”

The young clerk takes a laid back mood as he corrects himself and asks if they need help.

“I can write.”

“No problem.”

“Excuse my rudeness. Well then, please fill out this form. Afterwards, if you can pay the entrance tax and toll fee, we’ll be finished.”

Suimei notices the young clerk give Lefille a smile while filling out the form. While wondering if because the person likes children or has a gentle disposition, the young clerk bends over to lower his gaze. “Ojou-chan, would you mind filling out

this form?”

To that gentle request, Lefille makes a grim expression as her head jolts back.

“Clerk-dono, I’m not an ojou-chan. Would you mind correcting yourself?”

“Ahaha, I see. My bad, my bad, princess.”

“What are you saying? You’re still treating me like a kid!” Lefille gives a furious cry in response to the clerk’s apology. She would give the same reaction back when they were shopping in Klant. Her outbursts are no different than the wind trying to blow down a willow tree.

“—Suimei-kun! Suimei-kun, say



something!”

“Huh! Me?”

“Yes!”

But, what can I say? This isn't a situation where he can say, “This person became like that after shrinking.” Is such an explanation even any good? He's pretty sure anyone who hears that would just laugh.

The young clerk turns to Suimei with a smile. ‘Ahaha, she sure is an energetic child.’

“Yeah, I know, right? Hahaha.”

Suimei can only respond in kind. The best way through this storm is by riding it.

Lefille, at her wits ends, grabs his waist with both hands. “Suimei-kun! What are you saying?”

“No... it’s just...” There’s nothing he can do about this situation.

The clerk continues to smile at Lefille despite her bewilderment. “Ojou-chan, don’t you think you’re troubling your onii-san a little too much?”

“I’m troubling Suimei-kun...” She stops upon hearing the question and a small, terrified voice full of anguish leaks out. “...It’s no good. It’s never going to stop...”

Lefille’s head hangs down on her shoulders. The shock steals the words from her mouth. Since

Suimei has been carrying her sword, suppressing her curse, and helping her with various difficulties after she become small, his reluctance to help seems to have hit her hard.

The young clerk, with a glance towards Lefille, faces Suimei with a smile. “She looks like the type who stands on her toes and stretches her back to make herself look taller. I’ve a younger sister too, so I know exactly what it’s like.”

Is it because of that experience that he’s nodding his head? The guards surrounding them smile because of Lefille’s outburst. Instead of tension, a warm and fluffy atmosphere fills the room.

“Come on... let’s hurry up and fill

out these forms so we can get going.”

Lefille gives up after hearing those words and returns to filling out her form. She’s calm now, but, “Right, right.”

“What’s wrong?”

For some reason, Lefille stands up with a growl. She ignores Suimei’s question while setting her form on the desk, “Tch, this is the result!”

“.....?”

“Not yet! I’m not giving up, yet! I still have my pride! I haven’t thrown that away!” The small Lefille encourages herself by making a grandiose statement that she’ll preserve. Although she’s

trying very hard, she soon realized there is nothing that can be done. At the edge of despair, the little girl sits down with a \*petan.\*

“I- I can’t reach...” \*Gesu,\* Lefille sniffles as lovely tears flow down her face. Although her back can reach the desk, her current posture makes writing difficult. She really is trying her best.

“Of course, ojou-chan. You can use this instead.” The young clerk presents Lefille with a stool.

“I- I!” Lefille is once again irritated by the young clerk’s conduct, however, “I...” She loses spirit after comparing the desk to the stool. While hanging her head in low spirits, she climbs onto the stool

and fills out her form. Her ponytail sways across her back from the trembling brought forth by her melancholy. Looks like more than anyone else, she didn't want to acknowledge that she herself has become small.

Suimei clasps her shoulder in an attempt to comfort her, "midji meda..." is what he says while writing with his quill. (I could not figure out what that phrase translates into.)

Right when they finish, a girl enters from the city side door. The young clerk isn't disturbed by the intruder. Instead, the soldiers salute her while he says, "Second lieutenant, Zandark!"

She was called, "Second lieutenant." She emits a burning presence. Her violet twin tails are tinged red, her skin looks unhealthy, and there's an eyepatch over her right eye. Her other eye gives a sleepy impression. Over her military outfit is a gothic Lolita coat and reaching up her arms are a pair of dress gloves.

Suimei's eyebrows turn in towards each other at the girl's unworldly outfit. What a strange outfit. A lot of people could be seen dressed like that in the other world and seeing it again after such a long time creates a powerful impact. That's not to say it doesn't suit her. Suimei's only like this because it suits her.

Lefille's thoughts are very similar. "Tha- that's so cute."

No, they are both mistaken. Their responses were evoked by the illusion created from the frills attached to the outfit. (80% certain about this one)

While Suimei and Lefille react to her outfit, the second lieutenant steps towards the young clerk and speaks with a cold business like tone. "I'm here for yesterday's registry list."

"Yes!" The young clerk's spine straightens like a pole as he stands at attention and salutes. He hurries to the cupboard and from the drawer pulls out a leather covered book.

The girl receives the book, pages through while saying, "How



troublesome,” and shuts it with a  
\*patari.\*

Is the Felmenia empire’s military  
different from the other nations?  
Ranks like lieutenant give it a  
modern scent, but that person is  
just a girl. She looks like she’s  
either twelve or thirteen. She isn’t a  
soldier, she’s a child soldier.

She must have noticed Suimei’s  
gaze because she opens her sleepy  
eye and gives him a reproachful  
gaze. “Does a soldier such as myself  
surprise you?”

“No, that’s not the case...” It’s  
different, but not unusual.

While Suimei struggles to express  
his distaste, Lefille steps in to

answer for him. “No, you’re just very young for a soldier.”

The girl, finding Lefille’s words hurtful, gives her a scornful glare. “I refuse to be told such from a child smaller than me.”

“Huh? I’m not a small child!”

“Ahh....” Suimei gives a drawn out sigh. That conversation again? He’s been hearing it for days now. He and Lefille are going to have to talk about this later.

The two young girls have a quick exchange. “How about a match?”  
“...Fine, sounds good to me.” The conversation ends with the two glaring at one another.

The two step away from each other.

Are those two seriously planning to fight?

“Hey, just a sec, Lefille.”

“...Don’t stop me, Suimei-kun! I will not back down from this battle!”

“Not being able to retreat is the problem.”

Lefille doesn’t hear Suimei’s words until the end. The two girls circle around while watching each other. Both change their footwork in an attempt to confuse the other’s perception. Lefille soon finds an opening and flies out with her attack. The girl also rushes out. Right when they’re about to collide with one another, they come to a sudden stop.

“Hmph.”

“Mumu...”

They're so close to each other that their noses are almost touching. They separate and return to circling each other like before only to repeat their confrontation, this time standing side by side. On the following clash, they line up their gazes.

–What are they doing? Suimei sends the two suspicious looks as he wonders.

Lefille and the girl glare at each other as they compete by stretching out their spines. They called it a match, but aren't physically crashing into each other. Could

victory be determined by their height? Suimei tilts his head to the side similar everyone else who gathered to watch while making a guess. However, that doesn't seem to be the case as the two girls continue to face one another. Whether they line up side to side or cross their arms underneath their chests, Suimei can't comprehend their actions.

Suimei, upon finally receiving an answer from one of the soldiers, laughs in amazement. That's what it is! They're comparing breast size! This must be the simplest method for them to compete. However, since their secondary sexual characteristics have yet to begin developing, there's nothing to compare. In all honesty, this

competition is hilarious. Still, he cannot understand the tension before and after each confrontation. Will vigor and spirit really affect the outcome? With all that taken into consideration, of the two girls, the current Lefille is smaller.

Those two girls also reach the same conclusion. The other girl doesn't take triumph in her victory, but speaks in a tone that's matter of fact. "There, see? I'm more mature than you."

"Ku, I lost to a little girl..." Lefille speaks as though she is a corpse being kicking aside.

"Wrong, you can no longer call me a little girl. How about calling me onee-san, instead?"

“No- no way! I’m returning to my original body!” The figure shouting she has yet to lose isn’t very gallant. The breasts on Lefille’s original body are bigger, but saying that now is just childish.

The girl is puzzled by Lefille’s outburst. “Your original body? ..... Ah.” She grasps an answer upon finishing her question and nods. “You.”

“Wh-what?”

“Stop your fantasy talk. You’re just like a kid who can’t distinguish reality from her dreams. Don’t you feel embarrassed from saying all that?”

“Fugu!?”

The girl's words stab into Lefille like relentless knives. Did she assume Lefille's infected with chuunibyou? Granted, anyone not familiar with Lefille's circumstance would think she's shamelessly spouting nonsense.

Lefille shakes as she turns her back to the girl. Her gait is unsteady.

"Lefille?"

".....Suimei-kun, do you mind giving me some time to myself?"

"No, I can't do that."

"Then comfort me well, or this will be a grudge forever etched into my heart."

"....." Suimei's smile stiffens.



Lefille sits on a bench. She hugs her knees and then buries her face within them. A darkness deeper than that possessed by mazoku floats around her. Her troubles today have really made her look pitiful.

The other girl walks up to Suimei. “You do not look like you are from this area. Where do you come from?”

“Oh, I’m from the East. That kid, Lefille, she’s the daughter of one of my acquaintances.”

“The East? But you don’t mean Aster, right? So, you’re from the East?”

“Something like that.”

She cross-examines Suimei with her gaze and words as she considers the different races of people in and around Aster. She says, “As I thought,” to Suimei’s reply. Her sleepy eye turns sharp.

“.....Oi.”

“Se- Second lieutenant!?”

Both Suimei and the young clerk call out to her. Suimei’s remark about being from outside the alliance has made the military girl suspect him of being a spy. Her murderous intent and magical power shoot off like a gun.

“What are you doing?”

“There is no reason for me to answer your question.”

The girl releases even more magical power in response to Suimei's question. It's a level where most people would faint after confronting it.

"Se- Second lieutenant! Ca- Calm down, please—ahh!?"

"You are in my way."

Her sharp look backed by murderous intent and high magical power sends the young clerk cowering. This must be how the empire operates. But why is she scattering so much hostility? The soldiers are so terrified, they can't move. (Only 70% sure on this translation)

The crest fallen Lefille comes

running upon noticing the danger.  
“What’s going on?”

“This isn’t something small  
children need to concern  
themselves. Go over there like a  
good child.”

“ ‘Like a good child...’ Are you  
saying something dangerous is  
about to happen?”

“That’s right. That person there is a  
danger to the empire—”

“—What?”

The girl’s cold tone brings Lefille to  
a stop. It’s like a sharp blade,  
nothing like the heroic tone she  
used upon delivering that crushing  
defeat. “Releasing murderous intent  
towards the people the Empire

intends to capture is proper procedure? Such treatment is unjustifiable! What kind of shameless training does the imperial army receive?

“What was that?”

“This is the famed integrity of the Empire’s imperial army? What happened to article 12, 3rd paragraph, of the Empire’s military service guidelines? Can you say your conduct is in complete accord to those procedures?”

The girl grimaces at Lefille’s words upon being reminded of the Empire’s military regulations. The glare she gives Lefille is as sharp as a sword, but in the end conforms to military regulation. “..... You are

correct. I will stand down for now.....” She ends her sentence and turns to Suimei to give him a cold glare. “—Refrain from doing anything suspicious while here in the Empire.”

The girl’s unmatched and overpowered tone comes off as ridiculous to Suimei.

“Why are you not responding?” The girl’s voice is unwavering and cold.

Suimei just can’t get used to that girl’s way of speaking. As a Japanese person, being threatened by such a young girl evokes complicated feelings. Maybe he should try provoking her? If this were Japan, she’d be nothing more than a middle school student.

Suimei understands that forcing his Japanese concept of happiness on other is nothing more than arrogance. Ethics is a concept that varies across cultures. Likewise, the age of enlistment evolves with the times. Such concepts will apply even in parallel worlds. Pitying child soldiers is a self-righteousness that ignores the wills of others. Of course, the existence of child soldiers is something that can never be confirmed.

Suimei's eyes hold pity only for a moment. They return to normal as he decides to mess with the girl. "Something wrong, young lady?"

"Young lady, am I? It's one thing if that child calls me that, but for you, an adult..... those are grounds for a

lawsuit. I'll take you straight to the Empire's military court." The girl jabs Suimei with a finger at his joke. She becomes surprisingly cute when her irritation grows.

Meanwhile, Lefille says, "You're still saying that....." while looking at Suimei with fury.

The young clerk, realizing the situation is getting worse, tries to intercede, "Well."

The girl, however, understanding it was a joke, was only responding in turn. Moving with the same swiftness as earlier, she turns her back to Suimei. ".....We are not finished." The girl takes the register of names she came for and leaves through the city door.



“Fuu..... We just got here and we’re already running into problems.”  
Suimei exhales in relief as the tension passes.

The young clerk sighs out even harder than Suimei. “Please refrain from provoking second lieutenant Zandark.”

“Sorry, my bad.” Suimei give a timid apology while scratching the back on his head.

Lefille remembers, “I thought that name sounded familiar. Is she Liliana Zandark?”

“You know her?”

“One of the Seven Swords, Rouge Zandark, is father to a very prominent mage in the Empire. I

heard she was named into the Empire's Twelve Superiors despite still being a child."

"Wow, that's the kind of story Mizuki loves."

"Yes, she is impressive. She has eyes in the wind, so make sure you're on your best behavior while in the city." The young clerk says to Suimei and Lefille.

Suimei says, "I'll be careful."

"Anyway, we still need to finish one final confirmation, if you wouldn't mind."

Suimei examines the girl's magical residue as they wait. Lefille distracts the soldiers by kicking her legs back and forth. People called in line up

behind them. They appear to be travelers. While they submit their documents, the young clerk says, “Great, did all of you hear? A hero was summoned in Aster.”

“You mean Reiji-sama? Of course we’ve heard of him!”

Suimei twitches, \*pikuri\* upon hearing his friend, Reiji’s, name. Lefille, familiar with Suimei’s circumstances, faces him. She whispers, “Suimei-kun, for sure.....”

“Yeah, I’m positive they’re talking about my friend.”

Although not much time has passed since Reiji set off on his journey, he’s already become a topic of conversation. Something must

have happened because they're embellishing the story. The two men keep their composure as they praise Reiji during their conversation with the young clerk. "The mage's guild granted him the highest rank possible along with the title, The Supreme Ruler of All Elements."

"He can manipulate all the elements? That's amazing! The Supreme Ruler of All the Elements, indeed."

"What an excellent title, The Supreme Ruler of All the Elements. As a civilian officer, I would love to be granted such a name!"

While the three continue their conversation, Suimei is at his wits

end trying not to burst out with laughter. “Fu... Haha... Seriously, cut it out...”

“.....?”

Lefille is left stunned as she watches Suimei succeed in stifling his laughter. Meanwhile, the others grow more excited with their conversation. “—Recently, a mazoku army determined on annihilating Klant was exterminated by Aster’s military.”

“I heard that the Demon General Rajas was defeated too.”

The news surprises Lefille. “What!?”

Suimei’s expression changes into one of doubt. “Oi, oi... What exactly happened?”

The two people say, “It’s amazing. It’s been so long since anyone has achieved such a feat,” with awe. Even the young clerk is caught up in the moment.

Apparently, a strange story developed.

T/N: Okay, and here is my second post of this story. Again this is the Web Novel translation, so there will be some differences with the light novel. One thing you might notice is Liliana Zandark. From what I can tell, she has a very polite method of speech. Well, hope you all enjoyed this chapter.

-Gandire

1/19/17

# Webnovel 37:

## Determination

### Determination

A horse gallops on the muddied ground. Mud gets kicked up by its hooves as it races forward. The droplets glitter despite the grey sky.

–Suimei and Lefille arrived at the imperial capital, Filas Filas a few days ago.

Reiji, upon learning of Suimei's crisis from Gregory, took off on a horse, leaving Mizuki and Titania to chase after. The two crossed the Nelfila – Aster border and proceeded East of Klant City where

the road gives way to a vast forest of evergreens. Titania grips the reins of her horse as she gallops up to Reiji and expresses her relief, “We got lucky and were able to borrow some horse along the way. If not for that, we never would have been able to catch up with you, Reiji-sama.”

Reiji ran off alone to save his friend, Suimei Yakagi, upon learning he was in danger. As a result, Titania and the rest of the party were left to chase after him. Thanks to good fortune, they were able to acquire horses on their way back to Aster and caught up to Reiji while he was resting.

Reiji apologizes to her, “Thanks... But Tia, is that really okay? I’m out



here following my own selfish whims...”

“It’s fine, this has nothing to do with Reiji-sama. The way things are, I have no choice but to go with you.”

“Sorry, right now...” Right now, this is Reiji’s responsibility. Rushing out on his own isn’t wrong, but he will always bring hardship to his companions. He’s creating debts he’ll never be able to pay back. (60% sure about this one. This part was hard.)

Titania, however, dispels those doubts with a shake of her head and an unwavering smile. “You’re wrong. Reiji-sama, right now, you are mistaken. In the first place, it

was an aristocrat from my country that deceived Suimei. Furthermore, my countrymen and I were also the ones who summoned you and your friends to this world. As a result, I, the princess of Aster, am duty bound to aid you. Therefore, Reiji-sama, you have no reason to feel indebted to me.

“...Thanks, really, thank you.”

“Don’t worry about me. More importantly—” Titania look to the back from atop of her horse. The other girl at the end of her sight fills her with anxiety. Their selfish actions are dragging her into danger. “Mizuki...”

Mizuki still can’t ride a horse on her own and clings to the female

knight's, Luka's, back. She follows them to face the mazoku army without fear despite the fact that she still isn't used to combat and gets scared during battle.

Reiji feels the same as Titania. Even though Mizuki's honest feelings raise his spirits, he says, "Mizuki, don't push yourself! You'll lose the moment you think you can't fight."

"But...." Mizuki claims to be fine. Knowing her friend is in danger, she'll never forgive herself if she left without doing something. The same sense of responsibility that shackles Reiji and Titania also binds her.

"Mizuki, don't push yourself. This isn't just about Suimei. If

something happens to you, I...” Reiji would never be able to forgive himself if anything happened to Mizuki. That’s why he wants her to turn back.

“Reiji-kun....”

“If we believe it’s too dangerous, get to someplace safe with Luka-san, okay?”

“...Fine, I understand. But, what about you? You absolutely can’t do anything too dangerous, either!”

“Don’t worry, I promise!” Reiji lies upon seeing the worry on Mizuk’s face in order to relieve her feelings. He is without a doubt lying to her. The reason is obvious. That promise isn’t one that can be kept.

He has no doubt what so ever of that.

Titania makes an inquiry after Reiji and Mizuki finish. “Reiji-sama, what are your plans?”

“Right, I want to go to a place the mazoku will pass by. I know we don’t have time to waste watching them, but we still don’t know where Suimei is. Once we confirm the size of the mazoku army, I want to look for places where people could hide.” Their primary goal is to rescue Suimei. Fighting the mazoku is pointless. The best plan of action is one that conforms to their goal.

The odds of finding Suimei along with the caravan are impossibly low. Regardless, “Fufufu, when

against mazoku, should we not force our way through the front?”

“That’s your plan!? Even I realize that that is extremely reckless!”

“I also disagree.... I’m really starting to get worried.”

“Tia, did you flip a switch? You’re a lot shrewder than this... what happened?”

“That is what I believe we should do. Considering our situation, that’s our best plan of action.”

Reiji asks Titania to explain her words. “....Hey, Tia, if I said go on ahead, how would you respond?”

“At that time, we have to strike together!”

“Together?”

“—Reiji-sama, I told you back when we first set off. It is my obligation to accompany you. The moment you fall will also be the moment I fall.”

“.....” Reiji looks to the front to see what lies ahead. Everything before his eyes looks difficult, but now he can move past that. Titania’s words give him strength. They were simple, but full of resolution. Her voice is a firm reassurance to keep pressing forward. After all, those words came from Titania, not some tag-along girl. He was well aware that he might die when he first decided to do this. Now that she stands next to him, he needs to have that same resolution as her.

“Is something wrong?”

“No, but Tia, you’re incredible. I don’t think I’ll ever measure up to you.”

“....?” She doesn’t grasp the meaning of his words. They came out of nowhere without any context. She tilts her head from atop of her horse in confusion.

Titania, as the princess of an entire country, carries a stronger resolution than Reiji. No, before her determination, anything he musters will be comparable to a puppy asking for affection. Looking at her stirs a deep sense of inferiority. Right now, however, isn’t the time for such thoughts. Reiji reorganizes himself and asks, “Tia, based on our



plan, where do you think is the best place to go?”

“I understand, from here we should first go north. The forest East of Klant is less dense in the North than in the South. It’s also smaller, making that the best place for scouting the situation.”

“I understand. Let’s go.”

T/N: Well, I did not expect to finish this chapter that fast. It was surprisingly short. I don’t think this scene will happen, but I want to see Reiji and his party come across the carnage Suimei left behind after annihilating all those mazoku.

-Gandire

1/20/17

# Webnovel 38: The Great Nobleman

## The Great Nobleman

Reiji rides his horse north. He hurries straight through the grove of trees instead of detouring around the mountain. Ominous gray clouds loom overhead. Even though he's surrounded and hidden by trees, the path forward fills him with both anxiety and a sense of danger. All he sees are shadows against an ash-gray background. With caution overtaking his recklessness, he slows down.

Aster soldiers appear out of nowhere and block his path. The

commanding officer says, “Halt!”

Reiji pulls his horse’s reins to avoid crashing into the soldier. Many horses can be heard neighing as they’re forced to stop.

The man directs a harsh tone towards Reiji and his party. “Who are you? Answer me!”

“We’re....”

The senior knight, Gregory, steps forward as Reiji gives a meek reply and places himself between the two. “Insolent fool! Who do you think you are? You dare obstruct Princess Titania and Yuusha Reiji?”

“What!?”

Gregory’s strict expression and

thunderous voice shocks the soldiers. The faltering soldiers take nervous glances at the two Gregory mentioned and realize their mistake. All of them drop down and kneel towards Titania and Reiji. “Fo- Forgive me! Please, accept my apology!”

“Do not worry. Judging from your appearance, you’re soldiers stationed at Klant, correct?”

“Yes, we serve Duke Hadrias.” The soldier is grateful to Titania’s leniency.

The atmosphere within Reiji’s party grows heavy at the soldier’s response. Only Titania, thanks to years of practicing self-control, doesn’t break her form. “Duke

Hadrias is here as well, correct?”

“He is ahead with the main camp.”

“Take us to him.”

The soldiers acknowledge the command with another, “Yes.” Despite their nervousness, they encircle the party within a protective formation and lead them forward. Fresh leaves recently fallen crunch underneath the soldier’s boots as they march forward.

Titania has her horse move with the formation. While Reiji does the same, Luka rides up to him. Mizuki, who sits behind Luka, leans towards Reiji for a private conversation.

“Reiji-kun, about Duke Hadrias.”

“Yeah, he’s the guy who used

Suimei as a decoy. I never thought he'd be here."

"Ar-are we really going to see him?"

"...Looks like it." They're off to meet their enemy. Reiji, upon narrowing his eyes, notices Mizuki turn stiff. Even though they're about to meet the person who tricked their friend, he cannot let his anxiety overwhelm him.

Mizuki appeals to him with a face full of worry. "Reiji-kun, don't rush. Even with Tia, there's no telling what will happen if we involve ourselves with the aristocracy."

"Yeah... I understand. Thank you for worrying, Mizuki." Is she worried that I'll lose myself in anger and

attack him? However, that won't happen. It won't. Gregory is who they should worry about. His concern as to whether or not he should say something is cut short.

A clearing within the oak trees reveals an organization of knights, soldiers, and mages. Even though yesterday's rain muddied the ground and makes footing difficult, their resolution stands firm. Their sense of duty keeps them organized, a testament to their years of discipline.

In the middle of the gathered soldiers, wrapped within the tension, stands an impressive figure in jet black armor. He's in his forties like Gregory, possibly younger. A large scar runs down the

side of his face. Underneath it is a well-kept beard. His body, at about six feet of height, is wrapped with toned muscles. Despite his relaxed state, he exudes a natural aura of authority that makes those around him stand at attention. He feels like a general.

The commander is notified of Reiji's party's arrival. After two or three words, the gathered knights and soldiers part to allow him a path towards them. Once he's before Titania, despite his impressive military power, he kneels without hesitation.

Titania says, "Please stand, Duke Hadrias."

The commander, Duke Hadrias,



rises at her words. “Princess Titania, quite some time has passed since we last met at that evening party several months ago.”

“It has been a while, Duke Hadrias. You look well despite everything that’s happening.”

“Your highness, this is nothing more than a cool spring breeze. I am Lukas D. Hadrias. While many consider this an unpleasant rain, to me it is but a cool spring breeze...”

“This a cool spring breeze? That would make my concern needless.”

“.....”

Everyone becomes speechless at the exchange between Titania and Hadrias. It’s both amazing and

painful to watch. The words Titania spoke after the greeting were like a slap to the face. Admitting she's acting like this because of friendship is difficult. Despite those feelings, Reiji's expression from atop of his horse is full of contempt.

The silence filling the encampment creates a different type of tension. Even though her words are not spoken to offend, Hadrias neither receives them as jest or with a smile. He returns them in a quiet voice, "As always, the words of your Highness are quite sever. -Is that man over there our summoned Yuusha, Shana Reiji-dono?"

"Yes."

Hadrias turns towards Reiji with a composed expression. From within his eyes, however, he exerts an overwhelming sense of pride. This must be what Titania warned him about. With that thought in mind, he musters up his spirit and returns the stare. This guy...

That guy is the one responsible for setting up Suimei and the merchant caravan. He doesn't hold a shred of doubt over what he did. Instead, he stands there with his pride on full display for everyone to see. That inhuman plan infuriates Reiji. For now, he suppresses his anger and adopts a tranquil attitude.

Hadrias closes his eyes and says, "Excuse my late greeting, Yuushadono. I am the one entrusted with

his Majesty's western province, Lukas D. Hadrias. I caught wind that the mazoku plan to invade our nation and came here to repel them."

Out of arrogance, he both introduced himself and explained his reason for being there. Next he says, "Princess Titania, our summoned Yuusha-dono, why have you come here today?"

Reiji prepared a response to that question earlier. "...The mazoku are more active here. The situation in Aster worried me so I hurried here from the Nelfila Empire."

"I see. You were forced to come all this way, my apologies."

“No, as the Yuusha, this is my duty.”

Reiji uses a business like tone and in no time joins Titania in questioning Hadrias.

“Duke Hadrias, are the mazoku further ahead?”

“Taking our situation into account, I believe so.”

“Then, once you finish here, do you plan on launching an attack?”

“That depends on what my scouts report upon returning.”

Scouts, in other words, reconnaissance soldiers. Right now, judging by the number and formation of his soldiers, he looks ready to march an assault. However,

there is a baffling disconnect between Hadrias's words and the image presented. It makes the conversation between Titania and Hadrias difficult to follow. "To challenge the mazoku...isn't this force too small?"

That's right, the military force spread out before them is strangely small. There's only one to two hundred soldiers. At least 1,000 soldiers should be required for this sort of operation.

"Yuusha-dono, have peace of mind. This isn't the full force of my military. I have more forces in the north and south for a multipronged attack. Furthermore, I have set others aside for ambushes."

“I see. I suppose that was needless worry on my part.”

“In truth, I plan to march my troops alongside those from Metal. Even though we’ve combined our forces, the best plan was to divide ourselves. The situation around you has been carefully crafted. I’ve even taken the weather into consideration. That’s why this is our current situation. Therefore, please forgive me for that.”

Reiji, upon hearing Hadrias explanation, tells him of his own plans. “Once the scouts return, we’ll head out as well.”

“How inspiring. Yuusha-dono, if you wouldn’t mind, I would prefer if you just watch the battle’s

progress.”

Hadrias is sneering. Reiji is certain he sees the edge of Hadrias’s lips curl upward.

“—It’s fine. Maybe it’s alright for you to watch, but I am the Yuusha. I have a duty to uphold.”

“Fu, very well. I do not know what your purpose is, but if you’re going to proceed into the middle of the mazoku’s forces, I’ll accompany you partway.”

“.....”

For the first time, Hadrias’s expression crumbles and gives way to a daring smile. Reiji feels his body tighten like a string upon hearing those words. Their real



reason for being there would be exposed if that guy is with them. He feels a strong urge to turn towards Gregory, but succeeds in keeping his eyes on Hadrias.

Hadrias then says, “For now, wait for the scouts to return,” and returns to the center of his troops. Neither the princess nor Yuusha are spared his rude treatment. As the situation is now, there’s nothing they can do.

Titania narrows her eyes and says, “That person hasn’t changed in the slightest.”

Both Reiji and the princess think the same thing as they glare at his back. “How strange to hear you to speak like that. Do you hate him?”

“It’s just as you saw. Although I am unable to deliver false praise, I can present good will. That person, however, fuels antagonism through his condescending attitude and intimidating aura.”

The manner in which she gives her low evaluation is quite surprising. “...Tia, are you someone who hates losing?”

“Huh!? No.... well.... Reiji-sama, now that you’ve met Duke Hadrias, what is your impression of him?”

“Yeah, it was pretty surprising. He’s some guy, huh?” Reiji reveals his honest impression about Lukas D. Hadrias. Since that guy uses underhanded methods to manipulate others and is incredibly

arrogant, he was expecting an aristocrat similar to a greasy tanuki. The reality is much worse.

“You’d think he’s a sleaze bag you won’t be able to stand the sight off, but in truth, he’s a never ending cycle of viciousness.”

“Hold on, Tia. I’m not going that far.... You really hate him, don’t you?”

“Reiji-sama, was that enough for you? Today is the first time I’ve ever heard the term, “guy,” come from your mouth.”

“Ahh....” What Titania points out is true. He spoke in such crude way without any forethought. He had intended to be careful with his

speech around her, but his anger got the best of him.

Confusion fill Mizuki's face. "I- is that guy going to fight too? Isn't he a noble?"

"Duke Hadrias comes from Aster's most prominent military family. Likewise, Duke Hadrias is distinguished arms master."

Reiji isn't surprise. Upon considering the extraordinary sense of intimidation that he's naturally emitting, his willingness to come out onto the front line, and his well-sculpted figure, denying that he comes from a military background becomes impossible.

Mizuki, however, makes a grim face

as she misunderstands. “He did have a deep scar across his face.”

“Yes, that scar is an injury he earned in battle long ago. I’ve never seen him fight directly, but I hear his skills are very formidable.”

Titania speaks while skillfully manipulating her horse into turning around so she can face everyone. Then, while paying attention to anyone who might be eavesdropping, “I’m sure you can see for yourselves that Hadrias-kyo isn’t negligent. Reiji-sama, Mizuki, that person absolutely will never allow you to reach your own goals. That’s why, Luka, Loffrey, I ask the two of you for help.”

The two knights’, “Yes!” come out like heartbeats.

“As for you, Gregory, please continue as you have been doing.”

“But, princess-hime...”

“Do not worry. Hadrias-kyo may have enacted plans against you. I need you with me for my peace of mind.

“...Princess-hime... my apologies.”

Gregory bows his head to Titania's reliable words. Loffrey is so overcome with emotion that he turns around to hide his tears while Luka gazes at Titania with reverence.

“Tia, you're really cool today.”

“Yeah, you really are.”

“Even if you say such things, it won’t do you any good?”

“Huh? Um?”

Mizuki and Reiji are perplexed as Titania turns away with a puff at their compliments. Luka, who has been entrusting her back to Mizuki, has an expression similar to Reiji’s.

Several soldiers atop of horses gallop out from the forest. It’s the scouting group that went to check on the situation. They make a straight line towards Hadrias in the center of camp with Reiji and his party close behind.

Hadrias makes inquiries with his soldiers as they hurry to reach him, “What’s the situation of the

mazoku?”

“Ha, ha, I’ll tell you! The mazoku army—” Sweat drips from the soldier’s face as a gasp cuts between his words. Everyone except Hadrias pauses for a breath before listening to the soldier. They all wonder at how far the mazoku have progressed. The soldier tells them, “Co- completely annihilated...”

The truth shocks everyone.

“—!?”

“Total destruction!?”

“...Ridiculous, the report stated there was over 1,000 mazoku! Where they eliminated before clashing with the army?”



Reiji's cries of joy and Hadrias's shock resound throughout the encampment. Reiji's astonishment can be seen even if his face is look at from the side. No one, not even Hadrias could have predicted such a report. Commotion stirs even among the surrounding soldiers as they too doubt the report.

That's when Titania says, "Are you certain?"

"Huh, well...?" The soldier gets confused at her presence. With Hadrias pressing him for a reply, he says, "Th- There's no mistake. The corpses of mazoku littered the plain."

"How..."

A heavy silence fills the encampment as Titania's voice drifts off. The information isn't bad, but their circumstances were one where they doubted victory. No one can understand the development.

Hadrias figures out what happened and turns towards Titania. "Your Highness?"

"...No, we came here from the Nelfila Empire. That's the opposite direction from which the mazoku were spotted. Furthermore, what purpose would a small play like this even serve?"

"...That was a foolish question." Hadrias denies his own question as idiotic. He thought Reiji and his party annihilated the mazoku. As a

human from this world, he believes in the existence of the Yuusha, humanity's hope. If it's about the Yuusha, then nothing is impossible. That's something he must not allow himself to believe.

While Hadrias is lost in thought, Titania says, "Hadrias-kyo, we must investigate."

"...You're right, let's go."

T/N: Finally, although I was expecting bit more to their reactions. O-well. In other news, this chapter was such a pain to translate. It started off simple, but then threw curve ball after curve ball. Still, I reckon I did a decent job. There's only one or two places

in which I'm hesitant about the accuracy, but the gist of it is there.

Till next time,

-Gandire

1/22/17

# Webnovel 39: Traces, Exhausted and Written in Brush

-A feeling that they'll be seeing something incredible takes hold of Reiji. The smell of iron mixing with a stench of something rotted chokes him as it assails his nose. Then, for some reason, the air turns warm. Goosebumps break out across his body.

Can't the others feel it? Or is he just not used to it? Or maybe they're all pretending not to be able to see it? Is the calmness exhibited

by the soldier only superficial? Are they hiding a maelstrom of nervousness deep inside? Only Hadrias remains steady fast. Titania's eyes betray her, they depict her nervousness.

Reiji casts his gaze downward and rubs his eyes. The rain water that flows out from underneath leaves, maybe the light is playing tricks on him, but it sometimes flickers red.

A sudden clearing appears through the trees.

"...This is." Everyone hears Hadrias's gasp. The situation is just like the scouts reported. Everyone doubts their eyes, but the scene before them is one littered with the corpses of mazoku.

“What is this....” Reiji too stares at the scene before him. It is beyond words. A terror filled sigh escapes him. The scouts brought everyone away from the mountains to the vast plains where they see a deep fissure, ground that was melted due to being exposed to high temperatures now cooling and hardening, something like an iceberg jutting into the sky, an incomprehensible black marsh, and the uncountable remains of mazoku.

What the heck happened here? The bright sun shining through the clouds illuminates a scene no one would ever expect to see, a countless number of corpses. It looks like a natural disaster struck. No matter how you look at it, that’s

what this looks like.

That's also the only way anyone can describe this. Reiji can still hear the mazoku's agonizing death screams by straining his ears. It's a gruesome sight. Even though they're mazoku, the surrounding carnage evokes a sense of pity. It's a painting straight out of hell; it's hell on Earth.

With the scouts and soldiers leading the way, Reiji follows Hadrias from atop of his horse. "This is a road...right?"

The straight path before their eyes is a blemish to the surrounding carnage. Only there is the destruction that surrounds them absent. There are no traces of blood



or pieces of flesh. It's as if someone just forced his way through- no as if that person were determined to go that way. That person went straight to the foot of the mountain without hesitating or curving even once. The corpses of mazoku lay scattered alongside the road's entirety.

Mizuki mummurs from the back, "Result of magic..."

"Mizuki?"

"I'm positive. Magic caused all of this." She speaks with complete certainty. She trembles as she surveys their surroundings and gestures to the unnatural iceberg and melted ground. "They are the result of magic."

“You understand it well, Mizuki...”

“No, really. There are faint remains of magic residue. The ice and molten earth still emit traces of their magical procedure.”

“...You’re right.” Reiji focuses his vision as he sharpens his senses. He too has, [Detect Remnants]. He didn’t understand how to use it before, but now, the magical procedure is clear to him. It’s like a thick cloud has been cleared away. However, the residue within the molten earth and ice hold a surgically precise magical procedure. Spells only need to be complicated enough to defeat mazoku. Yet, the remains here are incredibly detailed— “Mizuki, what is this?”

“Yeah, whoever created these magical procedures is incredibly skilled. I can’t understand them at all.... It might not even be the same magic we’re using.”

“True, but a sophisticated technique like that, does it have any use except against large numbers like this?”

–This isn’t normal. The large mazoku army was destroyed out of nowhere. The belief that this situation was impossible vanishes from Reiji’s head.

As impossible as it is, this isn’t a situation in which two large armies clashed against one another. If two such powers did collide, then casualties would have been

incurred from both sides. Instead, every corpse here belongs to mazoku. More importantly, before all that, where would such a powerful army even come from? Preparing such a military force and unifying it around a powerful mage is impossible. Yet, it's that sort of overwhelming event that seems to have happened.

The horses, sensitive to the tension everyone is releasing, cry out. Everyone, while attempting to soothe their restless horses, continues forward on the damp path. They hear Titania say, "This is...!?"

Hadrias's gasp follows hers as she stops to stare. He says, "Even Baymass...."

Reiji and his party, prompted by Hadrias's low groan, also investigate. It's the remains of an enormous mazoku. "It- It's huge..."

Mizuki screams.

The body is no less than 200 meters long. To Reiji, its size invokes the image of a pitch black cruiser. The massive beast possesses thick, leathery skin, limbs unproportioned to its body, and a giant horn. Its dimmed, large scarlet eyes are wide open in fright. A terrifying power caused it to freeze up in fear.

According to Mizuki, the missing half of the demon's body was buried underground with magic.

"To take down a special, second class demon..." Fear captures

Titania's heart. She names the demon's rank, but forgets to follow up with an explanation. She just breathes in and out because of shock.

The Baymass is a substantial demon compared to the surrounding mazoku and demons. The surrounding soldiers, Gregory and his knights, and Hadrias look at it with grim expressions. The remaining soldiers soon draw near and are also overwhelmed by astonishment. The weakening of knees that overcomes everyone is not from fatigue, but from incredibleness of their surroundings.

“Th-this...situation.... As reported, the mazoku have been annihilated.

I'd say all of them are gone." Many soldiers speak with anticipation as they drop onto their knees and swallow their saliva.

Hadrias maintains his stern expression. He refrains from putting on airs or saying anything foolish.

"Who did this?"

"Ha, ha, there might be more than 10,000 here...."

That's when everyone forgets themselves. Ten thousand, no one doubts the number. Everyone roars in exhilaration. Once they return to their senses, Hadrias speaks his disbelief.

"Te- Ten thousand...."

“Except, that figure doesn’t appear to match the number of corpses?”

“As frightening as it sounds, the number is reasonable once the scope of the mazoku’s offence is calculated.”

Hadrias once more makes a grim face upon hearing the scout’s words. “Wasn’t the estimate 1,000 before?” It’s a voice where surprise mixed with multiple emotions. Against that number, they would have mounted only a brief struggle. Even the most excellent strategy would falter against such an unimaginable number.

Hadorias readjust his expression as Titania glances towards him. “We miscalculated the mazoku forces. I



shiver at what might have happened had they attacked Metal or Klant—”

“What happened here? When could this have occurred? Hadrias-kyo, do you have any ideas?”

Hadrias shuts his eyes as he considers Titania’s questions. He soon arrives to an answer, “....I cannot think of a single person who might be responsible for this, but there was a furious thunderstorm seven days ago. I believe the mazoku must have been eliminated then.”

“During the thunderstorm...” (The text literally reads, “Thunder day.”)

Hadrias continues his lie after

Titania's murmur. (Could also read, Titania's misunderstanding) He says, "According to a bishop from the Salvation Church, the goddess was shaking with fury that day." That thunder may have been the embodiment heaven's fury.

Could this really be Goddess Arushna's deed? Impossible, there's no way a convenient development like that could have happened. If such situations were possible, then there would be no need for Yuusha. But this just deepens the mystery. With no idea as to what happened, all they can do is guess.

During the middle of that conversation, Mizuki's anxious voice leaks out, "Suimei-kun, I hope you're okay."

“I hope so, too....” Reiji is in complete sync with her anxious feelings. Just where is Suimei? It would be great if the mazoku were eliminated before—

“Mazoku! There are survivors!”

“—!?”

Everyone turns around to look towards the warning. A soldier that was searching the area screams there are still mazoku.

The remaining mazoku swarm the sky. Did they mix themselves among the corpses? Or did they fly in from somewhere close by?

Hadrias gives quick orders, “— They’re coming towards us! All hands, prepare for battle!” He draws

his sword from atop of his horse while issuing commands to the surrounding soldiers. They move without flaw. The soldiers armed with spears take formation to fend off the mazoku while the mages line up behind them and begin chanting.

While Hadrias gives out orders, Reiji turns towards Luka. “Luka-san, protect Mizuki!”

“Understood.”

“Re- Reiji-kun!?”

“I’m going to back them up. Mizuki, wait here with Luka-san. Tia!”

“Yes, Reiji-sama!”

“Tia, back me up with magic! Let’s

use our horses to attack from the side!” Reiji gives some quick orders and draws his sword. There is a group of soldiers trying to ambush the mazoku from the side. He rides his horse to the same place with Titania, Loffry, and Gregory following close behind. Meanwhile, Hadrias commands his soldiers left and right.

The soldiers already have the mazoku surrounded by the time Reiji and his party arrive. While a spearman restrains a leaping mazoku, a mage uses that gap to cast a spell. They have complete control over the situation. Not only do they demonstrate a magnificent grasp on both combat theory and tactics, each soldier also possesses a high combat ability. The way they

are now, they're able to suppress the mazoku without injury.

Wrong.

Despite what the situation looks like, the mazoku are also desperate. With their main fighting force destroyed, they can't allow any more casualties.

Casualties, they appear on battlefields. Their defeat has already been decided, but the amount dead continues to rise. This battle won't end until humanity's rejected enemy is eliminated. There is no turning back for the mazoku. They do not fear death and all that awaits them is death. That's when the mazoku deals a powerful strike against the soldier's stomach.

The weapons of the fallen soldiers tell everything that happened on this dangerous battlefield.

Before long, against enemies with no regard to their own life, the line crumbles and the soldiers are pushed back. The mazoku rampage in their attempts to reach as many people as possible. As the soldiers are dragged into free-for-alls, their lives are endangered.

“Get back!”

Hadrias saves the lives of his soldiers by plunging his giant, black steed into the fray and bisecting the mazoku before him with a single swing of his sword. Yet, despite his feat, several mazoku slip through his sides. They’re aiming for Luka

and Mizuki.

“Shit!”

Reiji is on the opposite end of the field. It’s already too late the moment he realizes that. The flying mazoku are like jets. There’s no way Luka will be able to fight properly while defending Mizuki. Even if Mizuki were to join, the battle would still be two against three.

“Gregory!”

Titania calls out on reflex regardless of whether he can hear her or not. Gregory does turn his horse around, however— “Ku! Mizuki-dono, please, just hold on!”

“Ye, ah, yes!”



Luka manipulates her horse into escaping from the mazoku, but the muddy ground disrupts the horse's footing. The obstacle is minor, but in this situation, that small problem has deadly consequences. Balance is snatched away from the horse's footing as it stumbles.

“Damn— Stain Scarlet!” With a swear, Reiji throws magic fire at the mazoku. Titania follows up with her own spell, but fails to hit the suicide-running mazoku.

This is bad! If nothing changes...

The mazoku fast approach Mizuki and Luka. Mizuki faces the mazoku with her own magic, but only succeeds on setting them ablaze. The mazoku do not die.

Anyone who can help is too far away. \*Jin\* Reiji feels a chill run down his spine.

Something's happening. Reiji sees it with his peripheral. A tornado of white flame takes form and tears through the heavens. A pure white blaze envelops the attacking mazoku. The white flames scatter across the sky, incinerating all within.

“Eh—?”

“That magic! It can't be?”

Reiji and Titania cry out in shock and realization.

What just happened? Right as Reiji discerns the answer, he hears the gallop of a horse. Someone is

approaching them, and not at a normal speed. Could magic have been cast on the horse? It's as fast as a meteor. As a distinct figure comes into view, Titania cries out in joy. "—White Flame-dono!"

Riding on that horse is the one who called Reiji and his friends into this world. Clad in a pure white robe, the Imperial Court Magisterium, Felmenia Stingray.

Reiji shouts as he turns towards Felmenia. "Sensei!? What are you doing here!?"

"Yuusha-dono! We can exchange stories later! There are still mazoku remaining!"

"O- Of course!"

At Felmenia's rebuke, Reiji turns his horse around and slashes his orichalcum sword at a mazoku. While bisecting the mazoku's top from its bottom, he hears Hadrias say, "Mage's, prepare another round of magic!"

The army jumps into action at the powerful command. Soon, the soldiers skillfully drive back the mazoku and the mages exterminate them with their magic. Dirt and debris fly everywhere as a great number of spells explode. The rising smoke and steam lowers visibility of their surrounds. The mazoku are annihilated and there are no signs of anything still alive beyond the veil of smoke and vapor.

Felmenia dismounts and pulls her

horse along. “Your highness-hime, Reiji-dono, Mizuki-dono, a long while has passed since I have last heard from you.”

Titania closes her eyes and nods in appreciation as Reiji and Mizuki respond to Felmenia’s greeting.

“Long time no see, sensei.”

“Felmenia-san, thank you very much. You saved me.”

Felmenia takes Mizuki’s hand within her own while saying, “No, I was just passing by. But, I’m so glad I was.” Mizuki smiles and thanks her again. Felmenia turns towards Hadrias. They exchange a few words and he lowers his head. Are the two acquainted with one

another? Their words are business like, but her tone carries the same repulsion as Titania's.

Titania once more expresses her appreciation. "White Flame-dono, you have my gratitude. However, what brings you to this place?"

"Fumu, have you not heard? His majesty has relieved me from my position as the Imperial Court Magisterium."

Felmenia maintains a humble expression as Hadrias joins the conversation. "Haa, instead of fulfilling the duties of Imperial Court Magisterium, I am currently acting under his Majesty's direct orders."

“By imperial command....” Felmenia being relieved from her duties as the Imperial Court Magisterium surprises Reiji. If this was a direct order from King Almadias, that means— “Were you asked to come help us?”

“No, I was not....”

“White Flame-dono, what are your orders?”

“.....”

Felmenia doesn't answer Titania's question. Could the decree be so severe that she can't answer the princess's question? Well, it is an order from the king.

A breathless soldier runs up to them during the middle of their

conversation. “Ho... reporting!”  
Tensions run high as everyone  
wonders if any mazoku remain.  
Reports are coming from all  
around, even the forest, but no  
mazoku have been found.

Hadrias asks the soldier a question,  
“What happened?”

“Th- The Empire’s third princess,  
Graziela Filas Raizeld broke  
through our border with a squad of  
soldiers!”

It’s an emergency report. The  
soldier chokes as he reports the  
information. Titania’s face twists in  
terror as she says, “Her highness,  
Princes Graziela!?”

“Ha... ha...! Her highness forced her



way across Aster's national border without notifying any of the stationed troops. They've already passed Klant and are coming here."

"For what reason?"

"— Isn't that obvious, Hakumei-dono?"

"Na!?"

A voice brimming with authority forces itself into the conversation. Titania turns in shock towards it and finds a woman crossing through the smoke.

T/N: Okay, I know I promised Friday, but stuff happened last weekend. Then, during the end of that, I got sick. That made

translating really hard. I'm just now starting to feel better, but I'm behind schedule. As a result, there won't be an update this Friday. You're going to have to count this one for two. Anyway...

I'm not sure what the author is trying to say with Baymass. The katakana goes "Be-I-Ma-Su." Honestly, it makes me think of Big Hero 6. If anyone has any ideas to what it could mean, I'm all ears.

Finally, did anyone else feel that excitement at Felmenia's appearance? To be honest, with all the tension building up to it, I was hoping Megumin would show up shouting "Explosion!"

-Gandire

# Webnovel 40: The Imperial Princess, and —

Mizuki whispers, “Reiji-kun, we don’t know these people! What should we do?”

“Whatever we do, I just hope it’s something we can handle.” That’s doubtful, they’re not in any position to do anything. Reiji, despite his thoughts, tries to calm Mizuki who’s getting affected by the serious mood.

There’s a young woman riding atop of a horse before Reiji’s eyes. She makes her way through the smoke

with a challenging voice. With wavy long, blond hair and lips raised up in a daring smile, she possesses the stern eyes born to those who reign over others. She's dressed in luxurious military gear with her coat hanging from her shoulders.

Everyone in her entourage are equipped with the same gear. Are they her companions or subordinates? Regardless, the situation is worrisome.

....Is anyone aware of their horses? They're riding horses just like Reiji and his companions, yet the hooves of their horses don't make any sound upon hitting the ground. When considering the amount and how close they are, that's impossible.

Reiji is so caught up in his question that he murmurs it aloud. Felmenia overhears him and whispers her guess. “Reiji-dono, that lady is the Nelfila Empire’s third princess, her highness Graziela Filas Raizeld. She is known as Geo Malfields (Emperor of earthquakes), the Empire’s strongest earth attribute mage. Something like erasing the sound of hooves stomping might not be any trouble for her highness.”

“Why would she want to erase the sound of footsteps?”

“I also do not know. Judging from the situation, they don’t have the intention to attack us.”

While Reiji and Felmenia discuss

Graziela's motives in private, Titania approaches Graziela with a firm expression. "It has been a long time, your Highness, Graziela."

"It really has, your Highness, Titania. You're still as long winded as ever."

Even though there's a prevalent atmosphere of doubt and anger, Titania extends a courteous greeting. Despite that, Graziela gives a heavy handed reply. That disregard to the current situation irks Titania. "Your Highness, you mentioned your reason for being here is self-evident. What exactly did you mean?"

"Oh? You need an explanation? How about you explain the

situation to me?”

“.....We may be in an alliance, but you still crossed our national border without prior notification.

Furthermore, you even brought along a squad of soldiers. Such outrageous conduct warrants an explanation.”

Graziela counters Titania’s firm stare with a dark expression.

“Certainly, such actions do warrant explanation. However, is this such a situation?”

“...What do you mean?”

“What part don’t you understand?”

Their glares clash. Then, Graziela turns her nose. “Didn’t mazoku invade your country? Not only did



you not consider the possibility of damage spreading to neighboring countries, you neglected to inform your ally country of this development. What kind of alliance is this?”

“That.... The mazoku invasion was too sudden. We didn’t have enough time to inform anyone.”

“Yet you are prepared to engage them. Not only that, both you, someone who should be in my country (or, who should be in your country) and Aster’s Yuusha knew to come here. There is no excuse to not having contacted us. Or is Aster kingdom’s princess-dono nothing more than a pretty face?”

“Tsuu—” Titania’s face distorts.

Graziela laughs through her nose. She draws satisfaction from her own rudeness.

“Well, you only stopped by my country because you are on your way to defeat the demon king. You not being aware of current domestic affairs is pretty reasonable. That is why—”

“That is why you are having me stay silent on this matter? Your Highness, you’re the one who entered my country with neither permission nor proper justification.”

“My understanding is that I rushed here to rescue my country’s ally. Such circumstances more than justifies my actions. Should you not

overlook this breach in protocol?” Graziela demands.

Did she come to help? That would mean she was trying to sneak up on the mazoku from behind. Such a situation does make sense after thinking about it.

Titania’s bitter expression, however, doesn’t change. She keeps glaring at Graziela. “....I will officially protest this matter later.”

“That sounds good, but this matter is one regarding a mazoku invasion. Do you not agree that the Sardius Alliance, the Autonomous State, and Holy Order would probably take my side?” She brushes aside Titania’s complaints without any hesitation. How thick skinned is

she?

She then turns towards Reiji. Her piercing stare seizes him from his head all the way down to his toes. “Are you Aster’s summoned Yuusha?”

“...Yes.”

“What an unsocial person.”

“This is my natural disposition.” Reiji gives a light bow with his head. She isn’t an opponent to whom he can show any openings.

Graziela accepts his explanation and laughs while staring at Reiji’s face. “You have a beautiful face.”

“...Come again?”

“A good face unblemished from a single scar. Is the other world free from conflict? As the man we call Yuusha, you do not look dependable.” She is very bold to say such things on their first meeting. What an unreasonable girl.

The remark angers Titania. “—Your Highness, Graziela, this man is the Yuusha who came to save the world. Is that not what is said?”

“Hmm. That is what I thought up until now, too. But this disaster scene does not look like something just anyone could accomplish.” Everyone glances towards Titania at that remark. “— What happened to the mazoku forces?”

“...Well, we are not sure. I also

want to know what happened.”

“Hmm?” Graziela frowns at Titania’s explanation.

“I also do not know what happened, nor do I know how to explain this.” Even though they’re her honest words, she does not want to speak them. As Reiji thought, she really hates losing.

That’s when Reiji realizes that Hadrias is watching the situation unfold from the side. He came here for some reason, but hasn’t done anything other than watch. He’s been too quiet since Graziela arrived. Taking his personality and position into account, he’s probably been trying to get in a word or two. Looks like not even an Aster noble

like him can mount a protest against that girl.

What are you thinking about behind that mask you wear? Is it different from the image I projected at the beginning? Except, something about it feels unnatural.

An incident occurs while Reiji harbors these doubts. Everyone looks around upon noticing a strange, rising wave of power. It's a powerful surge of magic power. Felmenia, however, looked upward at the very beginning. Her long silver hair shakes as she says, "That's..."

"Was she the first one to spot it?" Hadrias says while glaring at the mazoku zipping towards them.

“There’s still one left—”

“—It’s stronger than the mazoku we just fought.” Reiji finishes the thought.

Everyone gets ready to fight. Each of them feels just how dangerous the situation is becoming. The approaching mazoku is bursting with magical power. The mazoku they battled against up until now can’t compare to this one. That dangerous mazoku is headed straight towards them. Just like the previous mazoku, it rushes to slaughter humans the moment it sees any.

The horses won’t stay calm. Reiji stays vigilant, but lets out a low grunt as he dismounted from his



horse. The others also dismount.

That the mazoku arrives goes without saying. A flash of light strikes the ground before everyone's eyes. Accompanying the thunderous explosion is a spray of rocks and dust. A cloud of smoke fills the area once more. A hard wind strikes them and magic power assails them like a fine rain.

A huge demon more than two meters tall and wrapped in rust red skin comes into view. Its thick limbs and robust body are like an expression of its magical potency. "Band of humans.... Have you gathered your strength?"

"Hu-huge..." Someone gasps upon seeing the mazoku's massive form.

“Reiji-sama! Don’t let your guard down!”

“Yeah, Tia, I understand. Just...”

Reiji narrows his eyes at the mazoku at Titania’s warning. Even though the mazoku radiated unparalleled power during its flight here, it’s actually covered in wounds. A shaky black aura is emitted from the scars riddling its body. This mazoku isn’t at its best. Even he can see that it’s exhausted.

From the magical residue, this mazoku seems to have taken part in a fierce battle. No, there’s no mistaken that that is what happened. This mazoku came here after a life or death battle.

It's weakened, yet its magical power is astounding. Judging from the wind pressure it creates, this mazoku is still a formidable adversary for all of us.

Hadrias asks the imposing mazoku a question. "Just what kind of a bastard mazoku are you?"

"I... I am called Rajas, one of the demon generals to the mazoku army..."

Both Titania and Graziela gasp upon hearing Rajas name himself.

"A... A demon general!?"

"Hoo... what a big shot."

Hadrias keeps his gaze sharp on Rajas during that commotion. "You

look like you've had a hard time. What kind of fight did a bastard like you get into before reaching here?"

"Silence, that doesn't concern any of you..." Rajas rebukes Hadrias. Pain from its wounds isn't the only thing that leak into his voice, it's also laced with anger at the one who defeated it.

Rajas prepares for battle while speaking. He wants to strike first? Everyone raises their weapon in response. The mazoku general, however, loses its chance when Reiji says, "...I want to ask you something."

"What?"

“Why do you attack humans?” The mazoku must have a reason for attacking humanity and that’s something Reiji wants to learn no matter what.

Rajas speaks after making a strange expression. “Fu-n, that’s just how it is. Human society is an infestation that we want to exterminate.”

“Human society? An infestation? Do you feel that way about all life?”

“You humans are different, you’re like a never ending swarm of maggots. The way you developed into a society ticks us off. Exterminating you is only natural.”

“Aren’t humans and mazoku both living creatures? Isn’t using such a

justification to kill one another  
pointless?”

“What do you mean?” (Can also be  
read, “Is that all you want to say?”)

“Just that.” (Can also be read,  
“That’s right.”)

Reiji truly wants to know why  
humans and mazoku had to fight,  
he wasn’t trying to make light of  
the situation. However, only idiots  
believe that all conflicts can be  
resolved by understanding one  
another through dialogue. If that  
were true, then conflict would have  
never existed.

Regardless, Reiji still wants to  
know. If there is no reason to fight,  
then they should stop. He isn’t

claiming that they should clasp hands in friendship, but that life would be better if they could respect each other's autonomy.

He hears an anxious sound from Titania and a snort from Graziela. Despite that, this is the outcome Reiji desires. He then tosses an inquiring gaze towards Rajas.

“...Are you the Yuusha bastard?”

“Does that change anything?”

“Ku..... Kuku.... I see. You said some naïve things, but.... This all works out for me. With this, I can finally accomplish my original mission.”

Rajas makes a bold declaration despite the obvious wounds rampaging around his body.

Graziela releases a condescending laugh at the mazoku's determination. "Care to repeat that, mazoku? You are already pretty beat up."

"Such a nosy person. Well, I can't just leave with the way things are now. Yuusha, I'll be compensating for my blunder by claiming your neck! Don't get ahead of yourselves, humans!"

Rajas once again raises his magical power for the impending battle. Reiji points his sword at the mazoku. Hadrias and his soldiers do the same. Mizuki falls to the back where Titania stands ready for a command to unleash her magic. Felmenia follows the flow and positions herself at the side.



Graziela, however, watches the event unfold. She doesn't uncross her arms or give any indication that she intends to fight. The arrogance she carries herself with, whether because she's accustomed to battle or not, remains unchanged.

“Hey, what about my question?”

“Enough with your talk, Yuushaaa!”

Rajas moves. The gigantic, 2 meter tall mazoku speeds towards Reiji. With a roar, it goes even faster.

“Kuu—” Reiji springs forward and matches Rajas's speed. He achieves a speed unthinkable in the previous world. He soars above Rajas and swings his sword. “Haaaaaaa!”

Rajas meets Reiji's sword with a fist

and, with a kiai, shakes it off. Even though the impact rattles Reiji's arm, he manages to hold on to his sword. Rajas's fist rivals Reiji's two handed swing boosted by the divine protection blessed upon him during his summoned. If this is Rajas's exhausted state, what would 100% be like?

Rajas throws a side punch while Reiji is still in mid-air. It's an attack that ignores the power Reiji placed behind his sword. Reiji squats down as he lands and Raja's palm strike flies right over his head.

Reiji, out of pure instinct, grips the ground with a hand and pulls himself away. A swung hand bounces off the mud. Reiji protects his head with his sword and then

steps forward with a strike, but Rajas gives a vigorous stomp.

“Uwah!” Reiji’s balance collapses as the strong impact that shakes the earth coincides with his step in. Rajas then rams its enormous body into Reiji.

“Re- Reiji-kun!”

“...Mizuki, I’m fine! Don’t worry!” Reiji stands back up even though he feels as though a jolt of electricity ran through his body.

For some reason, Rajas shouts at him in anger. “So this is the Yuusha’s power! You’re standing against the ambition of the mazoku with just that? Ridiculous!”

What is going through Rajas’s mind

to be so frustrated and disappointed? Reiji feels as though he's being compared to someone else.

Rajas moves to attack Reiji again, but Hadrias shields him.

“Get out of the way!”

Hadrias stands against Rajas's deafening roar with silence and dodges the mazoku's flurry of punches as though it were a game of touch. Hadrias, with the way he moves, may as well be in the prime of his life. Then, upon finding an opening, cuts a deep gash across Rajas's chest.

“Guu!”

“Fu-n...”

Whereas Rajas twists his face at receiving the cut, Hadrias looks bored. A scornful sigh even escapes his nose. That imposing mazoku is weaker than Hadrias?

“Che! Human—”

Even though Hadrias brushed Rajas off like a bug, he leaps back to create some distance between themselves.

“Take—” That sounds like a woman’s shriek. Graziela uses that timing to release a sneak attack. Did she stay quite up until now for an opportunity like this? She gallops forward while casting a spell. “—ground! This is the crystallization of my majesty! I shatter authority with my own

hands! The stone monument  
erected in tribute to the fallen!  
Crystal Raid!”

Graziela strikes the ground beneath herself as she chants her spell in front of Rajas. A small tremor occurs and the ground surrounding her crumbles. A countless number of stone protrusions made from quartz and selenite jut upward from where she struck. They branch out and rush Rajas.

She uses her hard and heavy magic to accelerate the sea of razor sharp rocks into that of cannon fire. They crash into Rajas— no, just before they make contact, a black aura coils around the mazoku’s body.

.....The demon general is buried

underneath the sea of stone pillars. The stones soon crumble and from underneath emerges Rajas's figure, unchanged.

“It had no effect?”

Rajas's massive body is revealed unharmed as the black aura dissipates. Was that aura some sort of defensive technique? It offers a very powerful protective ability, that spell was at the very least intermediate level. Their usual attacks won't be any good against it.

However, Graziela surprise is just as surprising. She expected her attack to at least do something.

That is when,

“Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!” Rajas releases a war cry. The mazoku forcibly draws power from the depths of its heart with a yell that appears to cut into its own life. From the mazoku’s right hand swells a refined dark energy which then explodes and swallows everything around it. The dark energy mixes with the shockwave and blasts towards them.

Not good...! Reiji’s mouth dries as he reconfirms the distance between himself and Rajas’s attack. Between it and everyone else is only ten meters. Furthermore, there’s a lot of power within that blast, getting hit by it is dangerous. He still can’t feel his body, he can’t move, and defensive magic won’t make it on time. The sense of anxiousness that



overcomes him chills his blood and numbs his arms.

Yet, when a person is at their wits end and out of time, the body moves on its own.

“Reiji-sama, watch out!”

“Huh? Tia....?”

As soon as he realizes the voice coming from his side, the scenery changes. The fear in Titania’s voice jolts Reiji’s brain. Now that he’s aware, he notices that she’s holding him within her arms.

He needs to reorganize his thoughts. Did she just rescue him?

He’s suddenly very far away from Rajas. Was that magic? That rescue

really was by a hair's breadth.

“Damn..... even after using all my power..... Is this because of that false thunder....?” Rajas speaks with a raspy voice as he gasps for breath. The mazoku's lungs sound like they are crying. A very potent poison must have been used against Rajas. The mazoku's body was struggling against it, but the anger fueling Rajas has finally succumbed to the pain.

There is a surge of magic power in their surroundings followed by an explosive output of spells as every mage casts magic. Rajas is soon enveloped within several attributes of magic. The attributes, fire and lightning, don't negate each other and instead merge. The

combination of so many powerful spells results in a magic stronger than what Graziela cast.

Yet, Rajas still lives. None of the spells affect the mazoku.

Titania gasps, “....Such a tenacious mazoku.”

“Gu, uuuu....”

Just how tough is that mazoku? Hadrias is the only one who managed to wound it.

Rajas moans out in pain. The mazoku had quite a bit of damage to begin with. Looks like death is finally reaching out to it.

“Don’t falter! Mages, keep casting!” Hadrias’s roar fills their

surroundings—

T/N: Now, I know I promised Friday, and I did have the chapter ready to go, I just wasn't able to upload it. If you're wondering why, the computer I do my work on isn't connected to the internet so everything I do there needs to be transferred via USB to a computer with internet access. Anyway, I learned something this chapter. Straight out fight scenes are much easier to translate than everything else so far. Also, here's a tid-bit of information I learn earlier this week. Rajas is another name for Shiva from Hindu mythology. That gives bit of insight to his personality. But in all honesty, this chapter was annoying to translate. I

would really like to get back to  
Suimei and see how he's doing.

-Gandire

# Webnovel 41: The Fierce Fight Decided Before Thunder

“Everyone....”

Mizuki, the one left behind by Reiji and everyone else during the battle against Rajas, grits her teeth.

Reiji and Titania are at the edge of the crumbling ground circling the powerful mazoku. Even the aristocrat who set up Suimei and the Empire’s imperial princess are there. I only came this far through a knight’s protection. I couldn’t

accomplish a thing. All I could do was watch. Mizuki gets smaller behind Luka's back as she reprimands herself.

Once, in the other world, when she was in trouble, both Reiji and Suimei came to her rescue. Now, even though her friends are in danger, this terrifying mazoku leaves her too scared to move. Guilt from her own weakness strikes her heart and conscience.

-Can she even do anything?

She heard Suimei was in danger, yet could only quiver in fear and take shelter behind Luka's back. While Reiji and everyone else fight, all she can do was wait for everything to end.

Hasn't she always been like that? Befriending strong people so they could protect her? Right now, such a person stands before her after having been forced into a difficult battle against a large mazoku. Nothing has changed. Those thoughts worsen the more Mizuki thinks about them.

No... stop... Such a thing...

That's right, such thoughts are useless. Her current responsibilities don't allow for self-depreciation. She can't give up on herself, not right next to Reiji.

There's also the other girl who came along, Aster's princess Titania. Her resolution on the battlefield isn't just for Reiji. It's for



everyone, even complete strangers.

Isn't there... Isn't there something I can do? There has to, there has to be something for her. She can't do anything right now, but the future is different. She won't become a burden who just needs to be protected. She just needs to get stronger. From now on, that's what she'll put all her effort into. That's what she can do.

As for what she has— that's right, what she has is magic. That's the only thing she's been able to learn since coming to this world. That's the only thing she'll be able to help with on the battlefield. However, normal magic won't cut it. She needs magic stronger than Graziela's if she wants to help

against mazoku like Rajas.

The magic I can use...

–A breath of fire is enough to end this frozen hell...

“Ah....” A voice full of conviction echoes within her head without warning. With it appears a clear image. Her intuition tells her that that is what she needs to defeat her enemies. But, why is she thinking this now? That thought prompts her to remember something both Titania and Felmenia have said. Magic sometimes descends down and appears within one’s head. She heard that such a thing happened the first time Reiji used magic too. This must be the same thing.

She has to put it to good use. She won't reach the same place everyone else is in unless she has the courage to stand. The real question is whether or not she can squeeze out that courage. She jumps off her horse with that thought in mind.

“Mi- Mizuki-dono!? Wa-Wait!”

“Mizuki!?”

Luka and Reiji call out to her upon realizing she's throwing herself into danger.

Mizuki doesn't stop. She's doing this for herself, for the right to stand next to him, and for her friends. She struggles through the middle of the battlefield and stops

at Rajas's back. She never noticed when she confronted soldiers, but like this she can cast magic against an unprotected back—

“What's this... A little girl?”

“Uh, ah....”

Rajas looks over its shoulder before she can cast her spell. Just falling underneath the mazoku's stare is enough for her to freeze. She can't even move a single finger. Everyone was fighting against this? How can anyone fight such a monster? Mizuki wonders if it can admire anything other than violence.

“What are you doing? Mizuki, get down!”

“Hmm, a little girl came out before

me—”

Titania and Rajass’ voices bounce around within Mizuki’s head. She’s isn’t in a position to tell them apart. All she can see is Rajas’s enormous arm. It could easily rip through her body, yet the mazoku moves it as though it were a feather. She’s immobile. Her mind fills itself with the delusion that Rajas’s arm is like a log.

Her effort was pointless. She had a good idea, but her courage ran dry.

“You’re in the way!” Rajas’s words are cold. She’s nothing more than an insect to that arrogant mazoku.

“It doesn’t come....” She barely manages to get a small, insect like,

voice out. She can't hear it, but even if it's inaudible to her, it can still grant her wish. This situation— “

“—Guaahhhhhhhh!”

While Mizuki is bound in place by her fear, Rajas takes the first step forward only to be overcome by pain. The mazoku roars to the heavens in anguish as it grips its chest— No, that's the source of its pain. Something is rampaging within its body. Soon, serpent like pale lightning seeps out of Rajas's wounds and joints.

“Uh, ah, gahhh! Bastard, I won't, I won't succumb to this!” Is Rajas shouting at the lightning, or is he directing it towards someone? It's something no one will ever know.

Thunder crackles as the pale lightning morphs into a viper and devours the inside of Rajas body. It's the same sound created when something touches an exposed powerline. Rajas can't do a thing as his cold shrills mix with the sound.

Reiji springs from Titania's arms and, in an instant, is at Rajas's chest. Has his body already healed? Either way, this isn't an opportunity he'll miss. That's when a band of fire wraps around Reiji's body. Without anyone noticing, he used strengthening magic.

Likewise, Rajas's arm is still restrained by the lightning. The orichalcum sword arcs upward with a slash while the mazoku's struggles to move his arms.

“Haaaaaaaaaaaaa!” Reiji’s roar shakes the air as he thrusts his orichalcum sword into Rajas’s chest.

“Gu.... Ah..... Impossible, this, this, can’t happen....”

The mazoku’s shock doesn’t let it notice Reiji is delivering the finishing blow. If anything, it seems to act as though its heart were pricked by a needle.

Reiji, having stabbed the sword, is silent. Even though his blade was stopped, he forces it forward. Bit by bit, the tip of his sword sinks into Rajas’s body. That’s when a jolt of lightening runs through the blade and repels him.

“Gu, uuu.... If only that man, if only



that bastard didn't get in my way."

"The person responsible for this disaster?"

"Him! That man in black wielded strange magic to single handedly annihilating my forces! If only, if only that guy didn't exist! You'd be the ones like this!" Rajas musters his remaining strength only for it to scatter with a cry. It wasn't Reiji's sword or the lightning that prevented the mazoku from rampaging, but a curse.

That's when Felmenia steps forward to face Rajas.

"What do you want.... woman....?"

The beautiful mage clad in white robes contrasts Rajas heavy

wheezing. Her presence is almost like an image to make up for Rajas's ugliness. Felmenia, with a calm tone, says, "Mazoku, there is something I want to ask you."

"What do you want to ask?"

"This is about the man in black you mentioned earlier."

"What.....?" Rajas's sweaty face changes into one of suspicion.

Felmenia closes her eyes to gather her thoughts and asks, "Mazoku, did the man in black call himself a magician?"

"—Womaaan!! You know that bastaaaaaard!?" The question disturbs Rajas so much that the mazoku goes through an abrupt

change upon hearing it. Knowledge of the mazoku's hateful enemy is enough for it to rave about its grudge with a beastly voice. It soon turns to panting as the spreading curse makes crying out too painful.

Mercy cools from Felmenia's amber eyes as she takes pleasure (or, sympathizes) with the mazoku's fate. Why is she releasing such feelings? "...I see. Then, we can say you had an unfortunate encounter with him."

"Tell me.... Who ... Who is that..."

"Did he not he call himself a magician? If so, then there is nothing more I can say."

"If, if only that man didn't exist.... I,

I wouldn't have lost to you feeder fish....”

If only that man wasn't there? That which the mazoku called Rajas tells a handful of his enemies is right, this outcome would have been different. If not for the exhaustion from its fierce battle or the pale lightning devouring its insides, we would have lost. We would have been crushed by the overwhelming violence its tough body carries.

Soon, Rajas glows pale blue as the lightning rampaging within its body begins to overflow. The mazoku shouts someone's name, but the words are swallowed up by a shudder brought on by an electric jolt. Its body surpasses the limit of energy it can withstand and

disintegrates with a clasp of thunder.

The orichalcum sword pierced within Rajas chest drops towards the ground. The clattering Reiji's sword makes as it hits the scorched earth signifies the battle's end.

—Cute star symbol that I can't make  
—

“Mizuki!” Titania cries out and rushes to the girl immediately after Rajas is fried and vaporized by the lightning.

Mizuki is still terrified. That power Rajas displayed was a poison that left her immobile. Her trembling hands are a clear sign to the

damage inflicted upon her heart.

Reiji also goes to her side to ask what she was trying to do. “Mizuki! That was reckless...”

“I’m sorry. All I’ve done so far is watch, that’s why I just had to do something....”

Mizuki looks at Reiji’s pale face as she explains the inspiration that overcame her. He then realizes his hands are trembling as he thinks about everything that happened.

Titania crouches down to place herself within Mizuki’s line of sight. “Except, Rajas would have killed you if you made a mistake.”

“When that spell appeared within my head... I thought I’d be able to

do something about that large mazoku. That's why..." She was trying to help.

Reiji sighs out in relief and hugs her as she apologizes once more. "I'm just happy you're not hurt."

"...Yeah."

Hadrias soon reorganizes his soldiers and has them patrol the area. Titania turns to Felmenia, "White Flame-dono, there is something I would like to ask of you if that is alright."

Felmenia says, "Yes?" in acknowledgment to Titania's polite request.

Everyone swallows in anticipation to Titania's question revolving

around, “That.”

“White Flame-dono, about the question you asked Rajas after he was driven against a wall, are you acquainted with the one responsible for this current situation?”

Felmenia takes quiet notice of her surroundings and guesses as to how many people are watching her.

“What kind of man is he? What is his name?” Graziela is the one who steps forward to ask. She’s interested? No, why wouldn’t she be interested? Graziela emits an oppressive atmosphere with her question, but Felmenia neither falters nor breaks her silence.



“I am sorry, I cannot answer that.”

“...What was that?”

“This is confidential information to my country. I am not in a position to answer to such an influential person of a foreign country as yourself, your Highness, Princess Graziela.”

“Did Rajas tell you that that person annihilated all of its forces? Are you really so foolish to fail to comprehend the seriousness of this matter? Answer my question you bitch!” Graziela demands the obstinate Felmenia to answer. A tense atmosphere sets in as she brandishes both her military might and magical power in response to her growing irritation. That which

restrains her from swallowing Felmenia whole could crumble at any moment.

Still, Felmenia refuses to yield. “The gravity of the situation is irrelevant, confidential means confidential. This applies regardless if it’s an allied country, even if a shared information network regarding mazoku exists. This matter is not one of which I can speak.”

“.....”

Graziela’s eyebrows turn inward as her face spazzes and she clicks her tongue. The situation is getting out of hand, but Felmenia declared the matter a national secret. Neither Titania nor Hadrias, high ranking individuals within Aster Kingdom,

will allow Graziela to gain information through force. They will ensure Graziela behaves herself.

Titania says, “Can you not even tell me about this?”

“Unfortunately, no.”

As Felmenia lowers her head in respect, Hadrias steps forward. “Stingray-kyo, is this an imperial command from his Majesty that you are not even able to answer to Titania-dono?”

“I am unable to provide an answer to that matter.”

“I see...”

Not denying is to admit implication.

But, what does knowing actually mean?

Reiji frowns from suspicion. Such a powerful person should not have been in Aster Kingdom. It could be possible that he and his party haven't learned about that person yet, but for Titania and Hadrias to also be ignorant is strange.

While Reiji has those thoughts, Hadrias makes conclusions of his own. His eyes shift to the right as he considers the matter. Once finished, he makes an outrageous statement. "What occurred here regards national security. Therefore, there shouldn't be a problem if we say Yuusha-dono is the one responsible for this victory."

“What-!?” The Yuusha himself, Reiji, is the one most shocked by the declaration.

Hadrias is surprised by Reiji’s reaction. Curious, he asks, “What’s with that expression?”

“O-Of course I’m surprised. I didn’t do anything.”

“That may be true. However, you do understand that you have a lot to gain by taking credit for this feat?”

“That’s...” Reiji hesitates to refute Hadrias’s words.

There is still one more person who needs to be silenced, her Highness Graziela. “Duke Hadrias, do you believe I would approve such an action? We also fought against the

mazoku forces here.”

Graziela understands that what she says won't hold. Despite how much she complains, it won't do anything to obstruct Reiji's achievements.

Hadrias, however, has an answer ready to pacify her. “Your Highness, Princess Graziela, allow us to overlook the matter of you invading Aster's territory. We promise not to raise a single objection.”

“Invading?”

“Am I mistaken? Did her Highness not lead a military force into Aster territory?”

“You bastard...”

“Your Highness, you should be more concerned about the rumors

tarnishing your reputation. We are doing you a great favor by overlooking this matter.”

“...Fine, do what you want.”

Graziela, in response to Hadrias’s manipulation, grows sullen as she prepares to face the future. Titania turns towards Hadrias so she can voice her concerns and doubts on the matter, but Hadrias moves away like the wind and begins directing his subordinates.

T/N: I will one day publish on Friday like I keep promising. Seriously, I will. This Friday,

however, isn't one of them. This week's update should come out on Saturday.

Funny thing about translating, I sometimes catch myself wondering when the next update is coming out. A sense of, "Oh, yeah," follows soon after. I'll admit, I like this chapter better than the last one. Stuff happened here while the previous one just felt like it dragged on and on. Next chapter returns to Suimei.

Anyway, I've been wondering about the terminology I've been using. Mage is a shorter way of saying magician, there's no difference between the words. Yet, I have been referring to Suimei as a magician and everyone else as mages.



However, after some research, I've concluded that a wizard is someone who uses experience, natural ability, and learning to develop new spells, hone magic, and learn about the world. The word itself has origins from the middle English form of "wise". Magicians, however, are students of magic. They study and practice to improve their craft. The word also has Zoroastrian origins which meant priest. From this I take the word to imply joining an order and sect. Now, using what the story has provided use, Suimei, a person who develops his own magic sounds like a wizard where as the magic casters from the current world join guilds and teach their spells to one another. For the sake of completion, a sorcerer is someone with lots of innate talent.

The word comes from Latin and refers to someone who can influence fate. It makes me think of a god more than anything else. The point I'm trying to make is, would anyone mind if I started referring to Suimei as a wizard and everyone else as a magician? Different kanji are used to refer to them in the WN so it would make it a bit more consistent. Then again, the kanji refers to Suimei as a magician whereas the kanji for everyone else is open ended for "Someone who can use magic". Maybe I should call Suimei a magician and everyone else wizards?

-Gandire

# Webnovel 42: The Goddess is Tough With Her

The Imperial Capital, Filas Filia, the largest city in the Empire, is famous for having erected an enormous crystal sculpture of the goddess in the Filas Filia Cathedral and for possessing the largest library within the three nations, the Imperial Library. Furthermore, it hosts the Spellcaster's Academy and Magic Research Center that's jointly maintained with the Aster Kingdom and Sardius Alliance. This is a colossal city contending for number 1 or 2 in the world.

Dwellings made of wood and ash-grey bricks occupy the city's outer edge. The houses within the town are built from red bricks. Their crimson hue creates a gentle atmosphere. The aristocrats in the upper sections of the city have their mansions made from fine quality scarlet bricks. The brilliant bricks they use create an impression of unity. The reason so much red is used is because a previous emperor before the fifth generation liked that color.

This knowledge comes from an extension of Suimei's personal hobbies, but in the other world, red is the chief color used in Europe. The tradition derives from Saints shedding their blood during ancient times. It also invokes the image of

combat by imitating the color knights had their mantels woven from. Even in a different world, red is respected within the capital of a militant country. Truly a curious development.

Suimei looks upward while entertaining those thoughts. The Imperial Capital has many tall buildings. This is thanks to the tall walls protecting it. The higher they protect, the higher the inner structures are allowed to rise.

Aster Kingdom's capital city Metal failed to give Suimei such a grandiose impression. Even though Metal had a large variety of people, Filas Filia has a much more modern image. Both cities have shops and public parks, but this one also

offers maintenance services along with water and sewage facilities. They are testaments to its advanced development and organization.

However, not even the lovely cityscape colored with children splashing in the water can clear the gloom from Suimei's heart. He gives a deep sigh, "I can't believe I let clean up fall to Reiji and his party...."

How many more times will he repeat that to himself?

A traveler back at the customs office mentioned the story. Reiji lead the kingdom's troops to battle on his way back to Aster from the Empire. He not only took down the Mazoku General Rajas, but 10,000

of his soldiers.

Needless to say, Suimei was blindsided by the story. His current mood is whirlwind of frustration, annoyance, and regret.

Lefille voices her concern at Suimei's grim expression. "Suimeikun, it's still just a story spread along by travelers. We don't know for sure if they defeated Rajas or not."

"That's true, but we never actually saw Rajas die. Now we're hearing Reiji's name appear along with that mazoku's. In nine cases out of ten, that guy wasn't someone you could beat with a single blow...."

That's the reason for Suimei's

troubled sigh. He's in down spirits because of the burden he left for Reiji's party. That development is a major blow to his pride as a magician. He fully committed himself against Rajas and exhausted all of his magic within that spell. Maybe it's a question of time, but to his frustration, his holy lightning failed to exterminate that mazoku.

"I'm so incompetent. All that boasting, yet I failed to defeat that mazoku."

"Don't be stupid. You might have failed in killing it, but you still dealt it a lot of damage. I bet that's the only reason your friend was able to beat Rajas. Think about what might have happened if you didn't face



Rajas first....”

She’s right, their lives would have probably ended. Still— “Yeah, I guess. Well, nothing we can do about it anymore... Haa.”

“Do you want to make it a fact that you failed to defeat Rajas? I understand your feelings, but sighing out like that is no good. That gloom you’re scattering around is going to drive everyone away.”

“Ah, you’re right.” Suimei reflects upon his actions at Refille’s rebuke. The phrase, “Sighing out will drive everyone away,” has the same meaning as “Sighing out will let happiness escape.” People carry happiness. If people don’t approach

one another, then others won't be able to receive happiness. She's absolutely right. There's no point in mulling about this forever.

"All right, time to stop talking about this. Let's move onto something positive."

"Yeah, that's the spirit!" Lefille, while saying, "All right-" releases a composed smile while raising her fist. Cheerful attitudes are the perfect match for times like these.

"—So, Lefille, I've told you where I want to go, but what are your plans?"

"Right, I'm going to the Salvation Church."

"...Seriously?"

--Cute star that I still don't know  
how to make--

Lefille's request is acceded to. Even  
though are many Salvation  
Churches within the Imperial  
Capital, the one they find is near  
the outer wall gate.

This is the first time Suimei visits a  
place of worship in this world. It  
gives him an impression different  
from everywhere else he's been.  
The brick road gives way to semi-  
buried cobble decorated with well-  
kept flower beds and a small pond  
midway through. Many trees  
planted close to one another in row  
give the illusion of being in a forest.  
Green seems to be the favored color  
here.

This verdant sanctuary must be sacred ground. A small bird can be heard chirping by straining the ears. At the far end is a white building. The path invites visitors inside. The closer Suimei gets, the grimmer his expression grows. “The church... Seriously, a church....”

“Something wrong? You’ve been muttering to yourself while making a strange face for a while now.”

“No, it’s nothing.... Just, is coming here really alright?” Suimei asks while hiding that he’s unable to acclimatize himself to being near a church.

“What do you mean? This place is fine.”

“Aren’t there fancier cathedrals within the Empire? The kind where outsiders stop by for sightseeing?”

“The Filas Filia Cathedral. I mentioned it earlier.... but honestly, I don’t want to go to such a large place.” Lefille’s eyebrows drop. She’s fully convinced that going there would be troublesome.

“How come?”

“Because there’s always a high priest in those places, one with a very powerful blessing from the goddess. You’re probably better at gauging just how strong that person’s blessing would be.... Anyway, I get the feeling such a person might be able to discern my true identity.”

“Oh...? Is being able to discern a spirit’s identity that big of a deal in this world?” Suimei also asks because of a story she once mention, one concerning this world. Apparently, spirits are more intimate with people here. He even once felt spirit energy from Lefille before. That’s why he doesn’t think this is such a big deal, but maybe there’s more to it?

Lefille knits her eyebrows together as she frowns. “I fight with the power of Shakti, the Spirit of the Scarlet Tempest, in my blood. Shakti, according to Al Sharia mythology, fought against the evil god Zechariah as the Alshna’s right arm. The point is, she’s the goddess’s direct subordinate. That means... So, I’d appreciate if you

could understand the gravity of my situation. Really, you must understand.”

“I see. Back in Noxias, everyone understood you were like them despite being half spirit. That, however, is rendered moot in places of strong faith like the Salvation Church where they can see the truth.” Is Lefille imagining such a situation? Whatever she’s thinking, it must be horrible. Her face paled and she’s shaking. It probably can’t even be compared to religious cults. Her being treated like a real god probably isn’t too farfetched. She’d definitely find such treatment troublesome. “Hahaha, isn’t the problem something else?”

“This isn’t something to laugh

about! Day after day, people would come pray to me, thankful devotees would follow me around crying tears of joy, some would even ask me to divine their future or help them make sense of their lives! It depresses me more than it frightens me!”

“I see. Well... such treatment would be unpleasant. Pffft, hahaha...”

While fury envelops Lefille’s heart and Suimei laughs at her plight, the church’s door squeaks open. From it steps a man. A strange aura surrounds him, one Suimei can’t comprehend. The image this man depicts conflicts with those associated to a church. He is neither slim nor in good physical condition. Ash grey can be seen



mixing within his combed back, long, black hair. Finally, even though the eyes on his strict face are shut, he walks with a purposeful gait leaving the hem of his formal like outfit to sway in the breeze.

He gives Suimei and Lefille a light nod as he walks past them on that narrow lane. Lefille turns her head to scrutinize the man's back. The sharp stare she gives him isn't one imaginable from someone who looks so young.

“Suimei-kun, that man.”

“Who was he?”

“Not sure, but I think he's a master.”

A master? Suimei didn't sense any

excess magical fluctuation or any mystical ability when he passed by. He'll have to take Lefille's word for it. "Would you say he's— a swordsman?"

"That's right, but..... didn't you notice? You're a swordsman too."

Lefille speaks as though the situation is obvious, but it isn't for Suimei.

"I can use a sword, but I'm not so skilled as to discern a person's proficiency with a glance. The strong conceal a lot within themselves and I'm a long way off before I can pick up on those subtleties."

"Mu... Really?"

However, this just speaks volumes to Lefille's capabilities and that's not including the fact that she's part spirit. Unlike Suimei, she can discern a person's capabilities with a glance. A similar event happened in the customs office. "You did the same with Liliana too. That's really impressive."

The young witch known as Liliana Zandark gave off an impressive amount of magical power. Even in hindsight, the amount she gave off was amazing. Doing that much without a magic furnace really shows her level of mastery.

"Liliana Zandark, there isn't that much information about her. She gained her alias, the Empire's Human Weapon, during several

skirmishes against a southern nation.”

“That’s a disturbing title.”

“It was bestowed upon her due to the thoroughness in which she completed her missions. Although, the lack of emotion she displays may have also been a major factor.”

True, Liliana’s emotions didn’t fluctuate much back at the customs office. Then again, Suimei only exchanged two or three words with the girl, so he doesn’t have much to go off of.

“—But now isn’t the time for such a conversation. We have to hurry up and pray.” Lefille leaps forward the moment she finishes her sentence,

and with some quick steps,  
proceeds up the white stairs to the  
door. However, upon entering the  
church, she doesn't dash towards  
the goddess's statue.

A sigh of devotion.... No, since the  
goddess Alshna exists for people of  
the world, there might be some  
differences in what's considered  
proper decorum. Suimei looks up  
towards the high ceiling as he too  
enters the church's nave.

A cathedral of the Salvation  
Church, unlike popular churches  
from the other world, this one  
doesn't have any stained glass or  
pipe organs. A peaceful atmosphere  
does appear to decorate the statue.

Windows on the ceiling allow

broken rays of sunlight to shine down onto the floor. Magic illuminates and warms the areas unreachable by the sun. As can be expected, a sparse amount of people are scattered about inside. There aren't any wealthy visitors, but small children, calm older woman, and tidy elder men raise their prayers towards the goddess's statue. It's an impressive cathedral.

“Welcome.”

A woman greets Suimei from the side while he admires this world's church. He turns around to respond, “Oh, hello... aah!?” The rest of Suimei's greeting gets caught in his throat due to his surprise. Along with a strange cry, his eyes unintentionally turn black and

white. (I do not know what that expression means. Is it like saying his eyes bulge forward?)

The young woman— Sister, tilts her head a little at his actions. “Is something wrong?”

“You- your ears!” Suimei is unable to recover from his surprise.

“I’m pretty sure ears are normal to have. Don’t you also have a pair?”

“No, not that... It’s just... They... They’re...”

“Ah, by some chance, is this your first time meeting someone from the beast race?”

“Ah...”

–She’s a beastman. Of the many races within the Empire, she is of the beastman. It’s a tribe of beings unique to this world who are more powerful than humans and born with animal features.

Suimei finally gets used to her appearance. If she’s of a race that’s a mix between humans and animals, then having animal ears makes perfect sense. Her habit may be peculiar to the Salvation Church, but blue frills decorate the habit wrapped around the Sister’s body. Underneath her veil is light, wavy, pink hair. Needless to say, cat ears poke out through it.

Her expression as he gazed at her face is a gentle one. The atmosphere it gives off is one full of



patience and wisdom.

“You’re ears surprised me.... Please excuse my discourtesy.”

“Really? Shouldn’t we consider your reaction perfectly normal? This is your first time encountering a beastman, after all.”

The Sister giggles to herself. Her maturity makes Suimei feel ashamed of himself. Regardless, the animal eared Sister strikes a finger to her cheek and tilts her head. “Are you not here to pray?”

“No, I’m accompanying her.”  
Suimei turns towards Lefille who kneels before the goddess’s statue in prayer.

The Sister smiles at the sight. “Ara,

you have a very small sweetheart.”

“Hah? What are you saying—”

“But you really mustn’t. The Empire rarely approves of men your age associating with girls that young.”

“What?— No, that’s completely wrong!! She is a girl friend, but not that kind!!”

“Fufufu, just kidding. I know what you mean.” The Sister admits that she’s messing around with a charming smile. No man who sees it would be able to get upset with her. It’s a perfect image, one that leaves Suimei’s shoulders sagging. She then turns towards Lefille, “She’s quite the devoted child.”

“...Yeah. Upon entering the Imperial

Capital, she insisted that the first thing we do is visit a church... She went so far as to tug on my clothes so she come here and pray.”

“The goddess-sama’s teachings are something to be cherished. She’s had a good upbringing despite her age.”

“Ahaha..... please don’t mention her age in front of her.”

“.....?”

The Sister’s ears twitch as she’s left wondering to his allusion. Lefille will be quite pitiful if she doesn’t return to normal soon.

A cracking sound occurs behind Suimei as rows of people appear near Lefille. Everyone stands before

the priest as he finishes his sermon. The hope they carry shines on their faces as they await something. He asks the Sister, "The service ended, why are they lining up?"

"After praying, Alshna-sama's oracle, our bishop-sama, receives our goddess-sama's divine revelation. Although, most of the time nothing happens."

"Hmm...." Suimei, while also wondering if this is some sort of evangelical scam, thinks to himself, So, that's what made Lefille do all those strange things.

The priest approaches the goddess's statue with a tome held against his chest and mutters something. Suimei can see something appear

during the ritual if he looks close. It's neither a magic formula nor the flow of magic power, but instead mana from the goddess. Most likely, the priest receives the goddess's message by uses his body as a medium. The real oracle is his book.

Suimei gasps as he sees through the truth of the oracle. The Sister, however, makes a strange sound.

“At any rate, to not know about the oracle, that's pretty surprising. Every cathedrals should have something similar....”

“That's because Salvation Church's influence doesn't extend to where I'm from.”

“Ara, how strange. Then again, the goddess-sama’s faith didn’t reach my village either. My, how nostalgic.” The Sister clasps her hands together at the unexpected coincidence. Her gentle smile coupled with the twitching of her ears creates a soothing atmosphere. “With that said,”

“Yes?”

“Is today your first time in Filas Filia?”

“You can tell?”

“It’s just a thought since today appears to be the first time you’ve met someone of the beast race.”

“Well..., my ignorance exposed me.” Suimei’s interest in his

surroundings, common everyday activities, created the suspicion that he's from the country side.

Even though he brushes off his ignorance with a joke, the Sister worries she might have been a bit rude. "Ah, no, please don't worry about such a thing..."

Suimei, to that concerned girl, puts on a refreshing smile while also releasing a mischievous atmosphere. "—Would you be so kind as to give this ignorant visitor some helpful advice?"

"Haa.... Yes, of course. I'll give you important information, but it might not be useful."

"Is there something?"

“About 2 or 3 things. Which do you want first, the good or the bad?”

“The bad, please. Hearing the good afterwards will help lift my spirits.”

The Sister says, “Yes,” to Suimei’s explanation. Her gentle face gradually turns grim as she says, “You mentioned that you just arriving at the Imperial Capital, so be careful when you go out at night. Troubling incidents having been occurring.”

“Troubling? What do you mean?”

“Of course, for maybe about one month now, people throughout the city have been turning up in comas during the mornings. A growing sense of fear is starting to take hold



of the people.”

“In comas? That sounds dangerous. Are they being attacked by delinquents?”

“Maybe, magic seems to have been used, so there’s no doubt that this is a crime.”

“... Quite a bit of time seems to have passed since this trouble began. Is it that difficult of a case?”

“The military police is doing its best, but the criminal doesn’t leave many clues. The magic used is very effective, no one’s been able to figure out what its attribute is either.” She looks down in regret. In line with her gentle appearance, she appears to worry about the victims

and the people surrounding them.

Even so— “Sister, you’re very knowledgeable.”

“Yes, my ears pick up quite a lot from the people coming to the church.” The Sister’s ears twitch as she mentions the confidence she has in her hearing.

Touching them would feel amazing. Suimei’s heart trembles at the idea, but he suppresses the rude desire.

The Sister claps her hands as she switches to the good news.

“However, Yuusha-sama will also be joining this case, so the matter ought to be resolved soon.”

“Yuusha?”

“Yes, the Yuusha-sama summoned by the Holy Office of El Meida is currently residing in Filas Filia.”

“—Really?”

“Yes, the general public hasn’t been informed yet, but the Empire’s administration and the Salvation Church will soon be making an announcement. So, is that good news?”

That’s good news? Rather than being good news, it’s an interesting story. The Holy Office El Meida is a neutral theocracy south of the Empire. Just because another Yuusha like Reiji was summoned is no reason to get worked up. Suimei is more interested in where the person came from and what kind

person he or she is.

“I’ve also heard that the Yuusha-sama from the Sardius Alliance is also active.”

“Speaking of which, there are four Yuusha, right?”

“The Yuusha-sama summoned by the Sardius Alliance seems to be a beautiful girl. Her swordsmanship is very reliable. In testament to her skill, she was able to overcome both the Alliance’s sword corps and the first prince who’s known as the Sword King.”

So the third Yuusha is a girl? Just what standard are the Yuusha held to when summoned? At any rate, being a man isn’t one of them.

“....A really strong girl.... Just what is going on....?”

“....Did you say something?”

Suimei’s mutterings, which are borderline complaints, seem to have been heard. He dismisses the Sister’s inquiry with, “Nothing.” He very likely may never receive an answer.

The Sister clasps her hands together before her large breast while Suimei has such thoughts. “Wouldn’t you say we’re making progress in the war against the Demon king and mazoku?”

“Yes, that is good news.”

While Suimei agrees, the priest gives Lefille her message from the

oracle. She then shouts, “Wha-What!? – Ah, n- no, tha-that can’t be true!?”

She stands up and clings to the priest before anyone realizes what she’s doing. Her confusion and impatience trouble the priest at first, but accustomed to such situations, he soon takes charge. Lefille expression tightens as she quiets down and nods.

“No way!” Everyone can hear Lefille’s shriek as what she’s told isn’t what she wants to hear. She hurries back to Suimei to tell him the bad news. “Su- Suimei-kun!! Wh-wh-wh-wh-wh-what should I do!? This is serious!”

“Lefille, slow down. What’s wrong?”

“Everything’s wrong! I- I don’t know what to do!”

“What to do... first tell me what happened. Then, we can go from there.”

Despite his words, Lefille loses her cool and resumes shouting. “The oracle! The oracle gave me another command!”

“Again....?”

For Lefille to lose her composure like this is rare. Just what kind of unreasonable request did that goddess give her this time?

A/N: Finally, this chapter is up. Sorry for the delay, I normally work on my translation during the

weekend and at night, but I've been a bit tired these past two weeks and going to sleep earlier than usual. I also have some bad news. I counted all the chapters that are out and there's a little less than 140. That means it's going to take at least 100 weeks to catch up, and that doesn't count for delays or new releases. In other words, two years from now. Well, my capabilities should improve so maybe I'll be able to cut down on that. The good news is that I'm not dropping this translation just yet. Were any of you worried that that is what I was going to say?? To be honest, part of me wants to skip to the chapter where Hatsume shows up and start from there.

Anyway, about my question at the



end of last chapter, two majorities came up. The first is that most of you are fine with me using different words to differentiate Suimei with the spellcasters of the current world. The second is that most of you want Suimei keep his title as Magician. So, Suimei will remain as “Magician” while everyone else will be called “Spellcaster”.

Now, about the chapter. This place reminds me of Ba Sing Sei. Did anyone else think that?? Also, here’s a discrepancy between the LN and WN. Suimei in the LN talks about how churches and magicians don’t get along before Lefille’s explanation about Shakti. Speaking of which, the author seems to get a lot of names from Hindu mythology. Al Sharia means Islamic

law and Zechariah is Hebrew though. Anyway, I get the feeling a lot of the names will be coming from around that section of the world. The only problem with that will be in figuring out who he's talking about. I'll do what I can to match the names to the appropriate god or goddess, however, my knowledge over the mythologies from that region of the world is lacking, so I may mess up.

# Webnovel 43: A Spellcaster's Purchase

“Here....?”

“Should be.”

Suimei and Lefille reach the northwestern residential area of Filas Filia, the Nelfila Empire's Imperial Capital, several days after entering the city.

They're in a back alleyway of the residential area where the houses are packed tight together between the tall buildings unique to the Imperial Capital. Random sections

there are quite dim due to those buildings blocking the sun. In the modern world, such a situation would be in violation of zoning laws and liable to lawsuits.

An outbreak of deep green weeds takes them by surprise upon rounding a corner. The darkness cast by the shadows of fading light wraps around the verdant foliage to create a sense of dread and defeat. If Suimei were to use terminology from his world, they are in the slums. It's the perfect description. With just a glance, he can see the houses are cheaply made.

–Yes, their first object upon entering the Empire was to secure housing. Both have goals to accomplish while in Nelfila: Suimei

wants to procure materials and information while Lefille wants to learn magic at the Magisterium. Therefore, after leaving the church, they searched for a real-estate agency. However, administration over most of the territory within the Imperial Capital belongs to the Empire's government, so in the end, they found themselves entering a government office. From there a suitable dwelling was negotiated for and a district director was referred. Today they'll be meeting the director who in turn will show them to the new house.

Although they aren't shocked by the gloomy atmosphere, they come to a stop nonetheless. Lefille gives Suimei an anxious look, "Suimeikun, is this really the place?"

“Mn? It should be fine. I’ve no doubt that this is where we agreed to meet.”

“Not that, it’s about the house’s locality. The neighborhood is near the street and the location isn’t bad, but... what about the atmosphere?” Lefille says that while surveying the area. Her worry worsens the more she looks.

As her expression shows, where they are doesn’t give a good impression. The lighting is dim and a foul smell drifts about. The main street is nearby, but even from a general point of view, hardly anyone would argue that this is a good property.

“Well, this is the only place they

had that suited our needs. We just need to be patient for now.”

“You think? A lot of things look like they could go wrong here...”

“Hey, there isn’t much I can do about the light, but I can definitely clear up the smell. Well, I was a bit worried too...” He’s wrong, Suimei notices after saying that much.

Even though he adopts a *que sera sera* attitude, Lefille looks down at the dirty bricks. He wonders if she is really that bothered by their housing situation. She’s usually the type of person who would give a fearless laugh regardless of the situation.

Suimei, familiar to the troubles of Lefille’s heart, says, “What? Are you

still worried about that oracle?”

“O-obviously! How could I not after hearing such a thing!”

That revelation— granted by Alshna’s oracle in the Salvation Church, spewed by that priest, was unforeseeable. The instruction Lefille received goes, “Fight against the mazoku alongside the Yuusha inside the Empire.” Neither of them have even seen El Media’s Yuusha, yet now that goddess wants Lefille to travel with him. That request is so sudden, it practically makes her reason for coming to the Imperial Capital just to meet up with him.

Lefille seems quite opposed to those orders. She completely lost it in the church and has yet to regain her



composure. Her downcast eyes are the result of that lingering melancholy.

“It’s not like you have to listen to Alshna’s words. Wouldn’t it be fine to just say you forgot?”

“I-I can’t do such a thing. As someone who has received the goddess Alshna’s favor, not complying with her orders would be dishonorable.”

“Dishonorable... so it’s about your power? Wasn’t it arbitrarily thrust upon you? I mean, it’s not like you asked for it. When you look at it from that perspective, doesn’t your premise become flawed?”

“Th- That might be the case...”

Lefille's words taper off towards the end. As a pious believer, she's troubled by the labyrinth called faith. The devout sometimes believe their desires are wicked and that they have a duty to punish themselves.

Wrong, saying they're intimidated into driving away their wickedness is more accurate. That's because people who live clean and beautiful lives develop strong values. That stubbornness puts them between a rock and a hard place. That, however, is only if left as is— "Then do you want to cooperate with El Media's Yuusha?"

"Ho- How can you say such a terrible thing? There's no way I want to do that!"

“Then what’s the problem...? That unreasonableness is the perfect reason to act as though you haven’t heard anything....”

Both Lefille’s head and shoulders droop as she resents her inability to refuse this request. She really doesn’t want to do it. “That’s extremely disrespectful of the goddess’s words. If I did and something happens...”

Does she want to do it or not? She’s being engulfed within a wave of self-condemnation, one that leaves her unable to act. That means, it isn’t that she bound to the goddess’s words, but to her own emotions.

“I understand, just leave it to me.”

“Eh— what do you mean, leave it to you?”

“Just that. If you don’t want to follow El Media’s Yuusha, then stay with me. If you do go, then I’ll find a way to go with you regardless of what anyone else says. It’s fine since I’m doing it of my own free will, right?”

Lefille turns her eyes away and she shifts bashfully in place. “Ah... you’re right, thank you...”

“Huh? ... Ye- yeah.” Suimei blushes as his heart beats faster.

That’s when— “Oh, there you are!”  
A voice cuts through the pink atmosphere between Suimei and Lefille.

Suimei turns towards the voice to find a cute young girl with bright hair dressed in clothes that are easy to move in. She has a lovely face with big round eyes coupled with large pupils. A tattoo like line runs across her cheek to the nape of her neck. Regardless, she's small. Her stature and breasts are also small. Everything about her is small. At a glance, she looks just like Lefille. Another little girl? No, Lefille technically isn't a little girl... But if I use the customs office as precedence, then running into little girls like this isn't that strange.

The girl's face distorts at Suimei's expression. She displays open disgust towards him. "Hey, you, what's with that look?"

“No, sorry. It’s just, I’ve been seeing a lot of children lately.”

“Ch- child!? Are you talking about me?”

“...Yeah?”

The girl’s eyes turn hostile at Suimei’s admittance. The sharpness of her tone reaches a level unimaginable from someone with such lovely appearance. “Hey, you, the way I see it, you’re younger than me. Well?”

“Haa? Me younger?”

“Yeah, younger! You look like a boy who just got out of the Salvation Church School.”

“ .... ”

Just what is that girl talking about?  
As far as Suimei can tell, he's the  
one who's older, yet she's getting  
mad and calling him her junior.  
Could that girl actually be a  
magician who's manipulating her  
appearance to look younger?

Lefille realizes what's happening  
and taps the girl's shoulder, "Could  
you perhaps be a dwarf?"

"Yeah, that's right, I'm the real deal.  
Both my old man and mother were  
dwarfs making me a genuine dwarf  
too."

"???"

"You said, "There you are." Does  
that mean?"

"Yep, you guessed it! I'm the district

manager of this area, Jilbert Gliga.”

“Umm... I’m being left behind.”  
Suimei inserts himself into the conversation with a troubled expression.

“Ohh?” The girl— Jilbert Gliga distorts her face and says, “You bastard-yan!” Her cute face has vanished without a trace. “— What, can’t keep up? Even though this kid here is pretty smart, you seem pretty stupid.”

“‘Pretty stupid,’ you say...” Shock floats across Suimei’s face at her harsh way of speaking. What reasons could she have to say such things? She’s polite to Lefille who recognized she’s a dwarf. “There seems to have been a



misunderstanding. This is my first time meeting a dwarf.”

“Oh? So that’s the reason? Can’t be helped if you misunderstood.”

“...This is a rude question, but how old are you?”

“Me? This year I’m 21.”

“I guess you really are older than me...”

“That’s right! Looks like you do know how to straighten up and speak with respect. Good, good.” Jilbert says while patting his lower back. She then pats Lefille’s shoulder as though saying, “You’re good just the way you are.”

–A dwarf. According to Norse

Mythology, they're classified as ground dwelling spirits. As beings who share their origins with the beautiful elves, dwarves act as their antithesis with their dark and ugly complexions. They are creatures similar to that of dark elves.

According to the stories, they are master blacksmiths and engineers with the ability to create tools capable of rivaling the gods. They are depicted as either competing against or cooperating with them. Folklore also states that they are kind, mischievous, and small in stature.

They're also supposed to have beards along with their small bodies. Age and physical appearance don't seem to be interconnected though... Not that

there's any point in thinking about it. This is a parallel world after all.

Jilbert gets along quite well with Lefille and tells her various stories about clothing. It's an animated conversation, but they need to get going. "Excuse me, but would you mind showing us the house?"

"Hmm? Oh yeah, that's right. You're here to see a house. I completely forgot."

"Please don't forget our reason for meeting."

"Relax, real men don't sweat the small stuff. What are you, a virgin?" Jilbert teases Suimei with a smile. Just like the stories say, dwarfs have a way with words.

“Gu...”

Jilbert soon takes them to a single house sandwiched between two larger houses. “As requested, or do you want something bigger?”

“Hmm....” Suimei surveys the interior all the way up to the ceiling as he steps inside. A long time seems to have passed since anyone used the place, but the construction is solid, built with wooden floors and strong support beams. The indoor plumbing unique to the Empire leaves nothing to complain about either.

The three of them check the rooms before returning to the entrance. Jilbert asks in eager anticipation, “How is it?”

“Not bad. You didn’t just meet my requests, you’ve exceeded them.”

“Of course! You really think I my charge fall into disrepair?” She says while puffing out her flat chest.

Lefille averts her eyes towards the floor and adopts a formal tone.

“That’s great, Suimei-kun. You really are dependable.”

“Huh?”

Lefille gives Suimei her blessing, but the way she speaks is unnatural, almost as though she has become someone else. The subtle changes in her voice, however, are evidence of the doubt circling within her heart. Her voice trembles as she says, “I- I still have to find a home

for myself.”

“...? Aren’t you going to stay here?”

“I can? But this is your house, Suimei-kun. I should find a place for myself!”

“What for? Isn’t this place big enough for both of us?”

“Eh— That’s... Won’t I be bothering you?” Her large eyes are open wide with amazement as the shock from this unexpected development displays itself in both her voice and face.

No way, she didn’t become distant because she was worrying that, did she? Worrying like that is part of her charm, though.

“It doesn’t bother me one bit. This was my plan from the beginning.”

“Really!” Lefille thanks Sumei in delight. She then leans towards him and whispers to reconfirm his words and make sure she didn’t mishear him.

“Completely. Your current size is a serious issue, but there’s also your curse.”

“Those are... They don’t have anything to do with you. Besides, don’t you have your own problems to take care of?”

“Yeah, but I intended to solve all of them alongside you.”

“—!?” Lefille is so overcome by Suimei’s offer that she hugs him

with all her strength. “Thank you, Suimei-kun!”

“It- It’s nothing...” Lefille’s soft cheek rubs against Suimei’s, leaving him to wonder how overcome by emotion she is. That’s when he remembers that she has been acting on her own all this time. Therefore, her behavior now shouldn’t in the slightest bit be consider unreasonable.

Suiemi feels an unsettling gaze during that embarrassing moment.

“.....”

“What’s wrong, Jilbert-san?”

“Hey, you bastard, don’t tell me you’re that pedophile creeping around the streets I’ve been hearing



about.”

“No, no I am not....” He sets Lefille aside so he can explain the situation, but Jilbert sends him a dirty look while backing away a few steps.

“Stay back. Keep a distance of at least five steps at all times. Lefille get away from that guy.”

“Listen to what I’m saying. This is just a misunderstanding...”

“That’s what you say, but in truth, you’re rotten to the core.”

“Oh, whatever... Let’s just get on with it. Did you meet my other request?”

“Mm... Oh, yeah. It’s over there. I’ll

show you.” Jilbert gives a sharp reply and quickly takes them to an inner room.

“...Suimei-kun, what’s Jilbert talking about?”

“The bath.”

“A bath! This house comes with a bath!?” Excitement enters Lefille’s voice at his reply.

Jilbert, upon hearing the conversation, turns to face Lefille. “Of course. Isn’t this the Empire? All houses within the Empire have baths.” This too she declares in a proud voice.

Lefille, upon hearing that, dashes towards Jilbert. Suimei also hurries along from behind. The bathing

room is beautiful, made of polished stones and shining plaster. Inside is a brand new, wooden, bathtub.

Jilbert claps her hands together as she asks, “Is this alright?”

“Wahh....” Suimei’s lost for words upon entering the room.

Lefille’s eyes glitter with anticipation as she looks around. The Empire has a bathing habit similar to that of her home country, Noxias. The Aster Kingdom, however, doesn’t even have a bathing habit. Instead, the people there wipe themselves down with a steamed cloth. As a result, her stay there was very stressful. It’s one of the reasons she was in such a hurry to go to the Empire.

–Suimei, being from a parallel world, also suffered a similar frustration. Therefore, he intended to take advantage of acquiring a home by insuring there would be a bathing room with a bathtub, one way or another.

Lefille completely forgets about Suimei in her excitement. The bathing room appears to be indispensable to girls who know the importance of bathing. “Suimeikun, it’s a bath! A bath! Let’s take one today!”

Her usual calmness is nowhere to be found. There is a huge gap between that and the outrageous remark she just made. Suimei sets those sentiments aside and says, “It’ll have to wait until tomorrow.

We still need to clean the room and prepare a variety of things.”

“Ah... Really? Fine.” Lefille’s shoulders droop upon hearing she won’t be able to enter today.

During the middle of that exchange, Suimei again feels a strange gaze.

Jilbert stares at him from the side,  
“.....”

“...What? Why are you giving me such a dirty look?”

“Oi, you really are that bastard pedophile, aren’t you?”

“I can’t think of anything from what was just said that could even give you that idea.”

“Didn’t Lefille just say she wants to take a bath today? Doesn’t that mean going in together?”

“Ju- ju- ju- just a second! We never said anything like that! Some words were omitted from that conversation. Lefille and I aren’t going to be bathing together!”

Lefille, for some reason, gives Suimei an anxious expression at his declaration. “....Suimei-kun, is bathing together with me that detestable?”

“Huh? Lefille, what are you saying?”

“Is it unpleasant?”

“Eh? No, that’s not...”

“Oi, what’s with that hesitation you

bastard pedophile... You're the enemy of all woman dwarfs..."

"Th- Th- Th- Th- That's! It- It's a misunderstanding....!" Suimei's poor articulation is like spilling water and seeing it pour down the drain. Regardless of what he says, Jilbert is determined to see him as a lolicon. All he can do is hang his head in resignation.

"Haa..." Her severe stare elicits a sigh. ...He was, however, able to acquire a home. With that, he can now begin researching the magic circle used for summon heroes. Having a base of operations is absolute in studying magic. Not only do magical items need to be handmade, but magic ceremonies need a room to be conducted.

Overall, having a work place drastically increases the rate of magical research.

“Oi, stay away from me you bastard pedophile.”

“Stop saying such irresponsible words you inferior, legal, loli! Like I’ve been telling you, I am not a lolicon!” Suimei gets sucked into Jilbert’s uncouth style of speaking.

T/N: Lefille’s reaction really confused me at first. But now that I’m going through it, I’m starting to wonder if it’s a continuation of her complex over her body. Maybe she’s interpreting Suimei’s words as meaning her body lacks sex appeal?

Now, I normally update Friday, but I



had a few days off this past weekend so I was able to turn this out early. Also, like I commented last update, there's about 100 chapters I need to go through. I doubt I'll be able to get through them, but I want to see how far I can go until life gets in the way. Hope you all enjoy.

Gandire

# Webnovel 44:

## Hadrias's Invitation

Time and space changes to focus on Reiji's party.

Klant City is a blessed habitat. It has the same climate found in the middle of the Aster Kingdom and a spring from the northern the mountain range. Its only fault is that because it is close to the national border, living there comes at a great risk. Various battles are said to have been waged there hundreds of years ago. However, due to the highway connecting it to the Empire and Sardius Alliance, it's also a prosperous place with an abundant circulation of money.

Metal's capital city's respect for traditional customs and its proper maintenance lets the people live comfortable lives. The city also preserves a solid defense. The castle walls as of late are being refurbished with the newly discovered anti-magic material. Furthermore, the military is being augmented as a check to the Empire's military force. After all, during emergencies, this fortress, being so close to the border, is Aster Kingdom's second line of defense.

Reiji and his party have lodgings near the edge of this commercial bastide. Hadrias invited them after Rajas's defeat and threw them a triumphant parade upon arrival. Reiji was praised by the public for defeating the mazoku army, but to

him, the lie everyone celebrated brought him false honor.

Reiji, Mizuki, and Titania sit in a circle on the sofa inside an inn's room. Mizuki gulps a glass of rose water and lets out a sigh. "That parade was amazing."

"Yeah, they might have even spent more money for this one than the one in Metal."

This parade lasted for three days whereas Metal's only took one. It was undoubtedly large scale.

Mizuki says without much thought, "I just realized this because of the parade, but Klant City is pretty rich... Although, it is the result of that guy's work."

“Duke Hadrias is a powerful aristocrat who governs over a vast amount of land including Klant City. His wealth and military might make his authority second to none within the Aster Kingdom.”

Mizuki makes a complicated expression as she glances out the window at Titania’s answer.

Hadrias governs over a city that, in terms of size, is second only to the royal capital. Three things stand out to them about him when they reflect on the past few days. He has the military strength to face a mazoku general, the financial power to host a large scale parade, and the political authority to host said parade. Not only can he do all that, but he also possesses the drive to make them happen.

“But is doing all this really alright? I didn’t actually do anything...”

Everyone contributed to Rajas’s subjugation. Giving me all of the credit is too much.”

“Actually, Reiji-sama... Please forgive me, but I also agree. Making this your deed benefits my country.”

“Yeah, I understand.” Hadrias used the mazoku’s defeat to inspire the public’s withering moral. Titania, aware of the circumstances, approved of Hadrias’s scheme to host the large scale parade. Reiji also understands the situation, but is also aware to how little he actually contributed to that battle. If anything, he’s like a hyena snatching away someone else’s glory.

Mizuki voices her cynicism, “What a typical story. Using someone else’s feats to boost your own image. How typical of the aristocracy. If it increases your country’s standing internationally, then why not?”

“You are absolutely right. That is why you cannot be negligent when dealing with Hadrias-kyo. He did not hesitate to use Suimei, Reiji-sama’s friend, for his own political goals. Not even the Empire’s princess, Graziela, was above his grasp.” Titania adds, “I shall say this once more. Do not take him lightly.”

She is extremely wary about Hadrias. When Reiji first met him, he got a bad vibe off of him. Now,

he's fairly certain he hates the man. Reiji, while having such thoughts, asks, "Say, Tia, about Suimei and the caravan being used as a decoy, what are your thoughts about that? Suimei is my friend, but in regards to the Aster Kingdom's citizens...."

"In all honesty, I am torn over this matter. When I consider the harm the mazoku forces could have inflicted, I find myself agreeing with the decision. However, that is not something I want to do." With that said, Titania lowers her head.

Both Reiji and Mizuki raise their voices at Titania's unexpected bow. "Eh!" Huh?" Overcome by surprise, neither are able to speak properly.

Titania continues, "Reiji-sama,



Mizuki, please forgive me. I also thought that was a good strategy when I first heard it.”

“No, it’s fine. Your position forces you to have different perspective from us. You think so too, right, Mizuki?”

“...Yeah.” Mizuki’s eyes glance downward as she gives a reluctant agreement. Her mouth droops as she stares out the window. Suimei was one of her earliest friends. They weren’t dating, but such a development could have happened. “Suimei-kun, we never did find him.”

“Don’t worry so much. There’s no doubt that Suimei is safe.”

“Because he’s cunning?”

“That’s right, and besides, don’t you remember what sensei said?”

Reiji recalls Felmenia’s parting words. “—Suimei-dono is surely fine.” Then again, she could have said that out of concern for their anxiety.

“White Flame-dono’s voice did sound off. If we take that into consideration, then there is a possibility that she knows something we do not. She herself might even be tracking Suimei’s footsteps.”

“Tracking his footsteps? How?”

“With magic... White Flame-dono is an unprecedented spellcaster from

my country who wields magic never before achieved.”

“Ah...”

Mizuki recalls Felmenia’s lessons at Titania’s words. The reminder also results in Reiji striking his hands together.

A modest knock resounds from the door. Loffry’s voice soon follows.

“Excuse me, Reiji-sama, may I enter?”

“Loffry? Sure, that’s fine.”

“Excuse m- Wait, Titania-sama! Forgive my intrusion!”

Reiji wonders if something is wrong with Loffry. He opened the door and jumped with shock. He’s so

confused, he's practically foaming bubbles out of his mouth as he lowers his head in shame. The most likely explanation is that he's come to a ridiculous conclusion that Reiji and Titania were alone together.

Titania gives a small sigh upon realizing his misunderstanding. "No, everything is fine. Mizuki is also present."

"Huh? Oh, she really is..." Loffry speaks while making a dumbfounded expression. The moment of silence that follows provides everyone a momentary relief.

Mizuki then leans towards him while making a mischievous smile. "Say~ Loffry-san, just what were you

imagining?”

“Huh? N-No! I wasn’t think anything strange!”

“Oh? I never mentioned the word ‘strange’.”

“A-ahwawawawa.....” Loffry looks left and right as he realizes he dug his own grave.

Reiji, feeling pity for man, gives him a hand by saying, “Mizuki.” She then confesses, with a smile that fuses mischief with sincerity, that she was only teasing him.

Reiji says, “Loffry, did something happened?”

“Yes, an envoy has arrived from Duke Hadrias.”

–That Cute Star that I Still Can't Make, Sorry–

Reiji finds Hadrias's unexpected envoy waiting in the lobby. He follows the messenger to outside a private room within the Duke's manor. Beyond those doors is Hadrias waiting to greet him with his usual hard expression. There's music playing. Somewhere inside must be a musician. The murmurs echoing out from behind the door are brought to a gentle end.

Reiji, while taking in everything, resolves himself to greet the lord of the manor. His opponent is Hadrias. Before leaving the inn, Titania warned him to be careful while Mizuki said she'd pray for his safety. He was also told that this

request is unreasonable and that he should refuse the invitation.

Reiji shakes his head at the thought. Inside that private room is a sly aristocrat, one Titania warned Reiji to stay vigilant against. He's only guessing, but he gets a feeling that he will be meeting with Hadrias very often in the future. Therefore, he can't just say he doesn't want to meet him. Instead, he should take the initiative to see what kind of man Lucas D. Hadrias really is.

That's why—, Reiji once more resolves his heart and knocks on the door.

Hadrias, upon confirming Reiji's identity, gives a curt, "Enter."

Reiji says, “Excuse me,” while opening the door. The room he walks into is a luxurious parlor. The greeting he gives while stepping forward is brief and to the point.

Hadrias, seated elegantly on his chair, stares at Reiji who stands before the door. “Yuusha-dono, won’t you have a seat?”

“In my country, first time visitors wait for the head of the house to recommend where they should sit. I am uncomfortable breaking this custom.”

The sharpness in Hadrias’s presence weakens a bit as he voices his wonder. He says, “Hou, respect is held in high regard within Yuusha-dono’s country. Then, is it



necessary that I recommend a seat for you as well?” While glancing towards a glass filled with a red liquid on the opposite end of the table.

“Is this alcohol?”

“Grape wine, the taste isn’t bad.”

Not bad? Regardless, “I appreciate your hospitality, but I’ll have to refuse...”

“Are you unable to drink alcohol?”

“People must reach a certain age before they can consume alcohol in my country... I will have to refrain from drinking in order to stay in compliance with those laws.”

Hadrias, at Reiji’s tactful rejection,

drinks from his glass. “Hmm, is there a reason for such a law?”

“The human body cannot properly process alcohol until around the age of 20. That alcohol goes on to inhibit the body’s development. Therefore, those laws were passed to protect the people.”

Hadrias stares at his glass of wine at Reiji’s explanation. “To think that drinking the goddess’s blood could have such an effect. But to go so far as to ban the drinking of alcohol... No, perhaps the intention is to nurture the capabilities of the populace?”

Hadrias forgets about Reiji as he stares at his glass and murmurs to himself. Reiji, seeing Hadrias lost in

thought, asks, “Why did you invite me?”

“Why, I merely wanted to speak with you for a bit.”

“This isn’t the right atmosphere for an enjoyable conversation.”

“Fuu, excuse me for that.” The reason for his apology is obvious. Hadrias, ever since Reiji entered the room, had been electrifying the atmosphere. Upon having it pointed out, he displays a smile full of contempt, as though his apology were but an empty gesture.

Reiji feels that this is the utmost leeway Hadrias will grant to his behavior. It’s the leeway granted by the strong. The only reason he’s

going this far for Reiji is because he's the Yuusha.

Hadrias scrutinizes his wine with an indiscriminative stare. He narrows his eyes in appreciation of the drink and asks, "Yuusha-dono, why did you accept our request to subjugate the Demon Lord?"

"To save the people of this world." Reiji gives the same response he gave to Almadias. His reason for accepting this request still hasn't changed.

"You wish to save the people of this world despite having no reason to do so? You stand to gain nothing by doing this. Yet, despite aware of this outcome, you still say that?"

“What are you trying to say, your Excellency?”

“You misunderstand. I am merely inquiring to the origin of your selfless decision.”

“...?”

Reiji wonders what Hadrias is trying to learn from that question. It's a strange inquiry. From the merciful look Hadrias sends, Reiji is unable to discern his true intentions.

Hadrias is like a falcon waiting for a moment of weakness to appear.

Whatever reason he's asking such a question reeks of ulterior motives.

Hadrias finds amusement in Reiji's confusion and releases a dry laugh.

“Well, that's fine. Let me ask again,

Yuusha-dono, what kind of place was your world?”

“My world?”

“Yes, how would you compare this one to your own?”

Reiji wonders if he really should compare the two worlds. He had a similar discussion in the royal castle with Almadias, but this time—  
“The biggest difference between my world and this one is technological development. Even though this world has magic, it can’t compare the convenience of my world’s technology.”

“Technological... development?  
Does it have something to do with the prohibition on alcohol you

mentioned?”

Hadrias, at Reiji’s “Yes,” for some reason looks out the window. While gazing at the scenery, he says, “Yuusha-dono, what do you think about this world?”

“It’s nothing like my world, but it’s a good world.”

“A good world, you say...?”

Disappointment laces Hadrias’s tone. Despite the intent behind his questions still being unknown, he asks another, “Yuusha-dono, what do you see beyond this window?”

Reiji wonders if he’s being asked to look out the window. The scene is one viewed from only three stories up, but the town and people are still

within view. Street lights flicker and illuminate the various houses of Klant as dusk washes over the city. Off in the distance, he recognizes the glittering blue and green lights that distinguish the pleasure district. "What do you mean?"

"This world hasn't moved forward at all in the hundreds of years that have gone by. Everyone rests at the same time, goes to work at the same time, falls in love at the same time, has children at the same time, and dies at the same time.

Technological development is at a complete standstill, countries rise and fall through war and diplomacy, and the people are stuck with their same ways of thinking. Progress no longer flows here."

Hadrias concludes in a cold tone by



adding, “This world is nothing more than the goddess’s personal garden.”

Reiji wonders if sorrow or grief is what motivates Hadrias’s words. There is a connection between cultural development and human nature, and people want that which they do not own, but that isn’t the same as desiring something that is impossible.

“Do you, the Yuusha who comes from a developed world, still think this is a good world?”

“Everyone lives in peace. Does anything more than that really matter? Change without reason creates conflict. Even in my world, that’s something we weren’t able to

remove.”

“.....”

Reiji uses Hadrias’s silence to think.

“— This is a bit sudden, but Yuusha-dono, go visit the Empire after this.”

“Eh....”

“Within the Empire— Princess Graziela has begun to take action. By taking up residence there, you’ll be able to curtail her movements for a bit.” Hadrias makes a decisive statement. His tone leaves no room for argument despite conflicting with Reiji’s plans.

“Is that an order?”

“Of course.”

“Except, I have no obligation towards you. My mission is to subjugate the Demon Lord, Nakshatra.”

“That certainly is the case. –Except, Yuusha-dono, I’ve heard that you hurried here because of Gregory?”  
Electricity runs through the room at Hadrias’s words. Naturally, that is nothing more than Reiji’s feelings.

“Is that– Are you threatening me?”

“Fuu–, feel free to interpret it that way. However, a formal investigation was never held so there is nothing backing what I just said. Whatever you are thinking is a baseless accusation.”

“–Che! Not only did you use my

friend as a decoy, now you say this!!”

“That was nothing more than sacrificing a small piece to save the whole. As for your friend, wait a little longer before making any such statements. We’re still searching for him. We’ll be able to discover if he’s alive or dead once we find his trail. So far, there haven’t been any reports.” Hadrias snorts as though what he says is a trivial matter.

“More likely than not, he’s probably dead.”

“How dare you speak like that...”

As Reiji’s anger exceeds his boiling point, Hadrias says, “What? I’m merely stating a possibility.”

“Don’t you feel the slightest bit of guilt towards what you did to Suimei?”

“If I say yes, will you calm down?”

“—Che!” That reply is unforgivable to Reiji. He grits his teeth and glares at Hadrias. The etiquette he was displaying vanishes as he loses himself to fury.

Yet, Hadrias continues with no regard to Reiji’s anger. “I believe his name was Suimei Yakagi? He was just unlucky. I’ll be troubled if you get angry at me.”

“Bastard—!!” Reiji can’t contain himself any longer as his fist flies forward. Nothing holds him back anymore. The consequence to his

actions barely register in his mind.

Hadrias catches Reiji's fist.

“Wha...?”

“Fuun...” Hadrias isn't even interested by what just happened.

This man... Even though Reiji didn't put all of his strength behind that blow, it was still an explosive punch powered by the divine blessing granted to those summoned to save the world. It had all that and Hadrias stopped it without batting an eye.

Hadrias casts Reiji aside and looks back out the window. “You aren't focused enough. The way you are now, you're no where near ready to face the Demon Lord. To become

stronger, you'll need to gain a lot more experience. Now, about the Empire—”

Reiji wonders if he has any room to argue. Hadrias implies something will happen to Gregory if he doesn't.

“... I'll go to the Empire. But keep your hands off of Gregory and his family. Now, about Suimei.”

“I will continue the search as promised. As the Yuusha-dono's friend, he's a very valuable pawn.”

“You bastard...” Reiji can't believe Hadrias is still saying that.

However, there is nothing he can do with his weak point taken hostage. He's frustrated, but the only form of

resistance he can display now is to leave in silence. Just as he grips the doorknob,

“—Yuusha-dono, there’s still one thing I need to tell you.”

“...What?”

“From now on, you will be encountering many enemies. Not all of them will be human.”

Reiji wonders why he’s being told this. I couldn’t be... “Are you calling me naïve because of what I asked Rajas?”

“No, hearing that was a relief for me.”

“Eh—?” Reiji didn’t expect those words from Hadrias. He expected



criticism for asking the mazoku their reason for waging war against humanity.

“Yuusha-dono, this world is different from yours. You need to adapt your way of thinking to match this place’s. That’s why, in your future battles against mazoku, don’t distract yourself by pondering if what you’re doing is right or wrong.”

“What do you mean?”

“I’m talking about that being. That being attacks humanity for no reason. Many speculate that that prominent being exists solely to destroy humanity along with all the other races.”

“Speculation of a prominent being?  
What are you...”

“That isn’t something you need to know about at the moment. Your question is meaningless.” Hadrias concludes with those words.

In the end, Reiji can’t tell if he was given advice or a warning. “... Well, is that everything?”

“Just one more thing.”

Reiji cannot figure out Hadrias’s aim. He already asked this much, yet still has more to say?

Hadrias looks back out the window as he asks, “Yuusha-dono, what do you wish to obtain once your battle is over?”

“Nothing, I don’t want anything.”

“Status, fame, wealth, women. You do understand that you could have anything you want from the entire world?”

“How annoying. I don’t care for any of that. I’m not fighting to improve my position in life.”

“Really? In that case, I have nothing more to ask. For now, use this time up until you venture for the Empire to rest.”

Reiji turns his back to Hadrias and leaves without a word.

“The summoned Yuusha....”

...Hadrias watches Reiji's return to his inn from a second floor window. The expression with which he watches is one of misgiving. He looks up to the darkening twilight sky and asks him another question, "Yuusha Reiji, what are your thoughts about this world? When you said this was a good world, were those your honest feelings? Do you really feel that way about this rotten world? A world that, thanks to the goddess, has no future—?"

T/N: And finished. You know, I should probably stop promising to finish a chapter per week. That's obviously not happening and I get the feeling saying that is only going to jinx me. Well, I'll keep doing

what I can while I can. Anyway, if Reiji really doesn't want anything after saving the world, I have a few suggestions. To go home. Wait, that can't be done? Okay then, Hadrias's head on a silver platter.

In other news, a bit back I wrote the first draft of my novel. My inspirations for it were OSO and .Hack. Anyway, enough time has gone by that I'm finally able to start editing it. In all honesty, it isn't that good, but I don't care. I wrote it and my biased opinion is that it's amazing! I just wanted a moment to brag about it, that's all.

Thanks for reading,

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